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THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

There's something about the sawdust ring—
The praises of which I am moved to sing—
That carries me back to that jollier age
When never a blot disfigured life's page;
When the posters about the village green,
Shaming the rainbow for colors, I ween,
Were brighter by far to my wondering eyes
Than all the treasures which most we prize!

I live again in those boyhood days,
And think of the many and curious ways
I stored up money to go to the show,
With delight that only a boy may know;
Foregoing the peanut and whistle of tin
To save up enough to take me in;
And ah! when at last I stood at the door,
What boon could I ask—what happiness more!

The entree, the knights, and the ladies so fair,
Ah, well I remember how these made me stare—
They were real in those days—the knights all so bold,
The women all ladies, the glitter all gold!
There was madame who mounted her milk white steed,
And danced on his back while he ran at full speed;
But the jolliest mem'ry of all I retain
Is the clown as he cried "Here we are now again!"

If life, as they tell us, be only a span,
Then why not enjoy it whenever we can?
I am older and wiser than when I looked down
From my seat in the circus and roared at the clown,
Yet the scent of the sawdust carries me back
To those haleyon days which have vanished; alack!
I would give all the wisdom I've gained in these years,
Could I hear the old "Hoop la!" that rang in my ears!

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,
AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—LADY TRAVERS.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
—SHAKESPEARE.

"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure," repeated Mabel Travers aloud as she walked into the small room which she called her study, and where she was usually safe from intrusion. "I suppose," she went on painfully, "that what was true of St. Paul is true of all of us; we have all a thorn in our flesh of some sort or other, and Aunt Margaret is mine. Well, like the apostle, I must pray for strength to endure it. Heigho!" and she sat down in a state of weariness and irritation, while her hands wandered slowly and without thought or purpose over the keys of the piano. She had become a little calmer, more like her usual self, when a tap at the door was followed by the entrance of a servant, who announced:

"Mr. Marker, miss."

"Show him into the drawing-room—no, bring him here, and when I ring twice bring in Miss Loo."

"Yes, miss."

A few seconds later and Mr. Robert Marker stood before her.

"How are you to-day, and how is your charge?" he asked, as he took her hand; then, noticing the pain on her face that had not disappeared, he added: "Something has happened to annoy you; nothing serious, I hope."

"Nothing very serious," she replied, trying to smile, "and of course it is my own fault for enduring it; but Aunt Margaret has been suffering from neuralgia this morning, and it has affected her temper until she has said such things about poor little Loo that I feel as though it were impossible for us to live under the same roof any longer."

"I would not live with such an old cat if I were you. Why don't you send her away, or leave her?"

"It would seem unkind, and we have the memories of the past to bind us together; besides, she is so proud and unbending that she would not accept an income from me, and you know she has lost all her own money. You don't know what a woman she is. I think she would consider it a kind of triumph to go and make herself chargeable to the parish. She is always threatening to do it. To-day she has vowed she will do so unless I will send away poor Loo."

"The woman must be mad. I wish you would let me talk with her."

"I shall be very thankful if you will, for give up the child I won't, whatever report she likes to circulate about me."

And the lady closed her lips firmly. She was about eight-and-twenty, rich, with no one to control her, and with a history in the past that had crushed out most of the romance of life, and yet her own mistress, as she might have been considered, she was tyrannized over to an almost unbearable extent by one who was dependent upon her for even the barest necessaries of life.

"I'll have a chat with her at once," said Robert Marker, with decision, "and I flatter myself I will bring her to a more reasonable frame of mind."

"It will be little short of a miracle if you do," was the answer as Mabel rang the bell and ordered the servant to inform Lady Travers that Mr. Marker desired to see her.

"I should not be surprised at her refusing to see you," said the lady with a sigh. "She is in such a temper to-day."

But in this she was mistaken. Lady Travers wanted some one to whom she could abuse her niece, and she was far too grand a lady to condescend to do so to one of the servants; but Mr. Robert Marker was different. He was her niece's friend, she half suspected her lover—and this was a glorious opportunity for venting her spleen.

"Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, sir," was the message which the servant brought, and the young surgeon followed her to the presence of the would-be tyrant.

A stately little woman, who could never have been more than five feet something, sat in a straight-backed Elizabethan chair, herself as unbending as the carved wood against which she disdained to lean. Her face was sallow, faded and wrinkled, though it had once been pretty; her abundent hair rippled in silver waves from her forehead, and was surrounded by a dainty cap of rich lace that many a young matron might not have disdained to wear. But though no effort was made to hide the signs of age, time could never quench until death extinguished the intense life and vitality that shone out of her face. Her black eyes were like two brightly burning bituminous coals of fire, her eyebrows were still black as night and almost met over the small, beak-like nose, while her thin, thread-like lips and firmly cut chin spoke of a will and pertinacity which it would take much to daunt or turn aside, added to an absence of sentiment, affection or tender feeling equally unusual in a woman. Of course she was richly dressed; a woman of her stamp would as soon have thought of making a practice of going out of doors without wearing gloves as of putting on a dress that did not add to her importance by its abundant costliness.

To-day she wore a black brocaded silk with a train which, when she condescended to stand or walk, hung in folds for at least half a yard on the ground, and this, with her high-heeled boots or shoes, likewise added to her height, and, alas for the vanity of mortals, also she believed to her dignity. On the fingers of her small shriveled hands gleamed several valuable diamonds, while the real lace she wore round her neck and wrists was also fastened with diamond brooch and studs; she looked indeed like an old duchess who had survived from the court of Louis Le Grande, for she had really made a study of the character, and got herself up to imitate it; but, alas for her, it was nothing but show; her lace and jewels—few enough in number—were all she was possessed of in the world, except what was given to her through the kindness of her niece. Her husband—an architect—had been knighted for his design of some public building, but he died a few years after, not only penniless, but a bankrupt, having involved many others in his ruin, and though his wife reviled his memory, she was not too proud or too independent to accept a home from his relatives, who in her prosperity she had done her best to injure. But she could not even do this graciously, and her eyes danced with malicious pleasure as Robert Marker presented himself before her in anticipation of the humiliation she would inflict upon her niece.

"I heard you were not well to-day," said the young man, his handsome face beaming upon her.

"That's true enough, but you are not my medical man; I don't put myself in the hands of a boy like you. Besides, how can I be well when I am treated in this house as I am?"

"You are treated badly?" with a half sympathetic, half incredulous smile.

"Infamously! I am going away."

"Ah! On a visit to your friends, I presume?"

"Friends! Yes, I am going to the workhouse; that is where the widow of Sir Augustus Travers is to find a home. The workhouse! What do you think of that, Mr. Marker? The world is coming to something, is it not?"

She rose to her feet in her excitement, and paced up and down the room, her head erect, her rustling train sweeping indignantly after her, while Robert Marker, with a quiet smile on his face, sat and looked on.

Finding she was making but little impression, at last she paused and looked at him.

"I was trying to imagine you in workhouse costume," he said gravely; "diamonds and silks and lace and luxurious living would all be things of the past. It is a great pity you have offended your niece. Would you like me to try to smooth matters between you? The hardships you will encounter are beyond your imagination, and, remember, no one will have to endure them but yourself."

"Hardships! My niece offended! You don't seem to understand, Mr. Marker. It is I who am offended—I who decline to be made a cloak for suspicion, if not for absolute immorality. I say that it is a highly improper, immoral and indecent thing for a young woman like my niece, who if not young is still not old enough to be above suspicion, to bring a child into the house and boldly adopt it as her own. I wonder you, Mr. Marker, did not stamp out the idea at once. If she must keep the child, let her send it away somewhere in secret and pay for it; but to bring it here! I never saw anything more shameless in my life, and I will go away this very week before I will be a party to such conduct!"

As he listened to this tirade Robert Marker's handsome face hardened, a light rarely seen there came into his soft, gray eyes, and, though he still smiled, you could see that he was capable of amputating a limb without himself so much as moving a muscle.

"I don't quite understand you, Lady Travers," he said coldly; "what do you wish to imply? that the presence of poor little Loo, whom I found before your niece ever saw her, annoys you?"

"Certainly it does. You may have found the child," in a tone which implied that she did not believe it, "but people will talk."

"Yes, I should think you are particularly sensitive as to what the world says, are you not?"

It was not the question, but the glance and implied sneer that made Margaret Travers' blood run cold for an instant. But she rallied to the fight. She had been accustomed to sweep all before her by sheer strength of will through life, and she would not be baffled or daunted now, when a little persistence might insure success.

"What do you mean?" she asked, boldly. "Are my husband's sins mine?"

"Certainly not," was the reply; "but I came across a very odd story the other day, in which your name was mixed up; not that it matters; but to return to the subject we have been discussing, Miss Travers assures me that nothing shall induce her to give up the child."

"Very well, she chooses between us; and you mean to tell me that she will send me to the workhouse, for the sake of a strange child? Bah! who will believe it? Won't she stamp herself at once by the action? I, who should have been her mother if my poor, dear Frederick had lived."

Again the silk train rustled up and down the room. The ancient virago felt she was getting the best of it. As for Robert Marker, he sat with his hand shading his face, watching this woman, reluctant to use the weapon he could exercise if he chose, for she was tender-hearted even with an old cat like this, and held the theory, but rarely believed in, that repentance and reformation are as possible for a woman as for a man, and a certain feeling of chivalry kept him from even implying a threat of what it was in his power to perform. At last he rose to his feet, and said coldly:

"I am sorry you have come to this resolution for many reasons; but for your own sake particularly. If you have decided to go, my mother will come and ask Miss Travers and Loo to visit her for a time, until she has found some friend to live with her. It is possible also that she may marry."

"Marry!"—the old lady paused in her stately promenade over the rich carpet to repeat the word. "Marry!" she went on. "She vowed when my son died that she would never marry!"

"What we say and mean to-day is not always true of to-morrow," was the diplomatic answer. "What day do you propose changing your silk attire for cotton, Lady Travers?"

"I don't know," curtly; "I don't mean to be hurried or influenced by anyone, and I shall please myself."

"Of course you have no one else to consider; but I have not seen Loo yet, and the child is not strong. Good-morning, Lady Travers. Don't send for me when you assume your new garb, for the change won't be pleasant, and I always like to see a lady dressed as one."

No answer. Her ladyship did not like the course the conversation had taken, and, for about the first time in her life, she thought it might be just as well to take wit in her anger, and not make any rash step which she might afterwards find it difficult, if not impossible, to retrace. If Mabel were married, then there would no longer be a home for her; and if she married Robert Marker, it was quite evident from his remarks that she would be anything but a welcome guest. And, after all, becoming chargeable to the parish to spite and humiliate your friends, and to do so from dire necessity were widely different things, and Lady Travers sat down in her comfortless chair, to think more calmly about it. But meanwhile the invitation had been given, only to be repeated as a matter of form by Mrs. Marker herself, and it was decided that Miss Travers and poor Loo should go down to Sidcup Bay to visit the young surgeon's mother, whither he promised soon to follow, and Loo kissed him gleefully, both of them little dreaming of the time when such a caress would thrill their hearts, and make all the world seem new.

CHAPTER XI.

"THERE'S A SWEET, AMIABLE CREATURE."
"Oh, when she's angry she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school,
And, though she is but little, she is fierce."
—SHAKESPEARE.

Poor Loo, unconsciously enough, had made herself an enemy. How she had done it, in so far as it might be her own fault, it would be difficult to say; yet such was the fact nevertheless, for Lady Travers had decided not to go to the workhouse. For the first time in her life the old woman admitted herself thwarted, baffled, and obliged to partake of that very unsavory dish, "humble pie," and though she ate the portion allotted her completely, but without any show of relish, she vowed in her heart to be revenged upon the little nameless interloper who had been the cause of her discomfiture. A mean, contemptible thing for an old woman to wage an unprovoked warfare against a comparative infant, whose presence in the house she objected to; but, then, Lady Travers was mean, and would hesitate at nothing that could inflict pain or discomfiture upon anyone she hated.

Had Mabel Travers suspected the real state of the case, or could she have had the least glimpse into the possible future, she would have taken great care that the child and her aunt should have two separate habitations; but how could she dream that the old woman would ever have the inclination or the power to work her darling any injury? And thus she drifted on, taking no thought of the quicksands which were ahead. The visit to Mrs. Marker had been made, Lady Travers remaining in the house at Notting Hill during their absence, and trying to reconcile herself to the galling consciousness that she must submit to the presence of the child to whom she had taken such an unreasoning dislike, while Mabel and Loo went off to the seaside. But, as Lady Travers termed it, "nothing came of the visit," of a matrimonial character at any rate; Robert Marker did not propose to Mabel Travers; indeed, they were far too good friends to drift into the perilous sea of love; and, moreover, the lady was three or four years his senior, a fact which she seemed to assume gave her the privilege of treating him as a younger brother. So the visit lasted for some time, ended pleasantly, and they all came back to London in the early days of October, firm and devoted friends as ever.

And now began the question of Loo's education. Almost six years of age, she not only could not read or write, but was as profoundly ignorant of the first principles of knowledge as a child of two; and Mabel Travers determined to make arrangements with her sister so that Loo could be taken daily to her house and receive instruction from the resident governess engaged to teach Mrs. Dorset's stepsons and daughters. For Mrs. Dorset was a second wife, having married a comparatively rich widower, who was at the time the father of six children, to whom a couple of years after the marriage was added a seventh, little Teddy Dorset, who from his very birth had been a bone of contention between his six half sisters and brothers. It is a pity that a second marriage should often bring domestic misery with it, yet such is usually the case.

Leaving his family out of the question, Medwin Dorset and his second wife would have been as happy as two human beings could be, for she was pretty, amiable, and greatly attached to him, having undertaken her new duties with a keen sense of her responsibilities and a determination to be a second mother to her husband's children. Easily resolved upon, but, with rebellion on every side, the possibility of governing by mild, firm gentleness is rarely a matter of fulfillment. Kind firmness will tame a savage animal, we are told; but the same means are not always successful with half-a-dozen self-willed, antagonistic step-children; and after a whole year honestly spent in the endeavor to reconcile the incongruous elements into which she had fallen, Elaine Dorset gave up the attempt, and henceforth ruled her household with an iron hand.

Then it was that the children found out what it really was to have a stepmother, whose will was of more importance than their own whims and fancies; and what before had been trifling disobedience and petty warfare, now resolved itself into tyranny on one side and open discontent and defiance on the other. As the children might have expected, however, their father took the side of his wife. It was indeed at his suggestion that she had abandoned the course of entreaty and remonstrance which she had tried for a whole year in vain, and now made them feel that she possessed a will compared to which theirs were but as ropes of sand.

It was a week after their return from the seaside, and Mabel Travers had taken Loo with her on a visit to her sister's, partly to sound the latter and her husband on the subject of the child's education, and also with the view of giving her some companions for the afternoon more of her own age than she generally met. The Dorsets lived at Grove House, Kensington, and the walk across from Notting Hill was but trifling.

"Dear Mabel, how glad I am to see you," was her sister's cordial greeting. "And that is the child you wrote to me about? What a sweet little thing! Come and give me a kiss, my dear, and tell me your name."

"Poor Loo," was the answer, as she lifted her face for the caress.

"Rich Loo, I should think, now you have found such kind friends to love you. See what I have got here in this basket! A live doll. Would you like one like it?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

And the child bent down and kissed the baby boy of some twelve months old, whose big blue eyes were looking up at her.

"Well, Freddy shall come out and you shall play with him; but he must kiss his auntie first."

After which the sturdy little fellow, very willing to make friends with the newcomer, began to creep about on the carpet, and tried to catch the small, colored balls which were rolled towards him.

"I have always something to worry me," observed Mrs. Dorset, as the sisters sat by the fireside. "Miss Finch, my governess, who suits me capitally, has just asked for an increase of salary, and I really cannot afford to give it; so I suppose she will go away. Somebody else has offered her twenty pounds a year more than I give her. She would rather stay with me, she says, but the children are tiresome I know, and, of course, twenty pounds a year more is a serious consideration."

"So it is. Suppose I pay it, and you let Loo join the children in the schoolroom? I could send her over in the morning, and for her in the afternoon. What do you say? I should not object to bearing a little more of the expense if you care to entertain the suggestion."

"I should be very glad, for my part," replied her sister; "but of course I must speak to Medwin about it. He will be home to dinner at seven. Of course you will stop and dine with us, and we can discuss the question. We will not allude to it till the children are out of the way. I don't want their voice in the matter."

"Very well; but how are you getting on with them?"

"Not at all well. I never saw such young demons in my life. They are up to every kind of mischief and wickedness. If Miss Finch leaves me I shall persuade Medwin to send them away to school; I should get a little peace and quietness then."

"But surely they cannot be all alike; Constance and Herbert at least are old enough to know better, and the younger ones cannot be utterly unmanageable."

"They would not be if it were not for those two, but they do nothing but incite them to wickedness. Conny is the worst of the lot. She is too old to go to school. I only wish I knew what to do with her. Ah!"

The exclamation was caused by the door being opened somewhat abruptly, and the entrance of a tall, slight girl of about sixteen.

Good looking so far as form and features were concerned; her big, round gray eyes so widely opened gave an idea of beauty, allied to a kind of wild cruelty, and to a fanciful observer would suggest a strong likeness to the secretary bird to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, which gives proof of his savage nature when the keeper throws it a dead rabbit, by stamping upon it with as much vindictiveness as it would display if, as for the moment it believes, its prey were alive. A warning of danger is what Constance Dorset's face suggested; the thin lips drawn together like one red line, the square chin, the slightly prominent cheek bones, and the pretty but empty looking forehead, added to those strange eyes, made the two women in whose presence she came instinctively look at the floor on which the children were disporting with almost as much apprehension as a couple of hens would regard the approach of a strange cat near their brood. On she came, however, careless whether she trod upon the children or not, and scarcely noticing Mabel Travers, who looked at her and asked how she was. She paused near her stepmother, though half lounging on a table before she spoke and said:

"Herbert is going to a theatre to-night and wants some money to spend. I haven't got any to give him, or I shouldn't come to you, and Miss Finch is mean and won't lend him any."

"Herbert is not going to a theatre unless his father gives him permission," replied Mrs. Dorset; "you can tell him so, and if he has spent all his pocket-money he will have to go without until next week."

"He hasn't asked papa, but he means to go, and I have promised him he shall," and the girl as she looked down on her stepmother seemed still more like the bird, and as though she were ready to stamp the other to death.

But the other never quailed as she said coldly:

"You have my answer. Ask Georgie if he would like to come and play with baby."

"You had better send a servant with your message," was the retort, as the girl, carrying herself proudly enough, walked out of the room.

"There is a sweet, amiable creature," said Mrs. Dorset, turning to her sister. "She has promised Herbert he shall go to the theatre in defiance of us all, and she means to keep her word."

"But what about Herbert himself? Is he equally ready to defy you and his father?"

"He would not be but for her; but she idolizes him, and incites him to every kind of disobedience. I am very sorry, but the time will come when either or both of them will have to leave home; if I would endure it much longer their father won't let me."

"And you think kindness will not tame that girl?" asked Mabel reluctantly.

"I am sure it won't, for I have tried it. I denied her and the other children nothing, indulged them every possible way, almost neglected my husband to devote myself to them, and I received but insult and disobedience in return, though, after all, the others would not be so bad if Constance were away."

"What will happen if Herbert does go to the theatre after what you have said?"

"I don't know; the last time there was a bother of the kind his father said it would be the last. He is as weary of this constant contention as I am."

"Had you not better speak to Herbert? It would be only kind to try to save him from incurring punishment," suggested Mabel Travers, while Loo stopped in her play with the baby to listen and wonder at what was being said.

"I will if you like, but it is useless. I have had these scenes over too many times not to know how it will end; if it were not for baby, much as I love my husband, I think I should run away from it all. Their mother was rather mad, I believe, and the children are wholly bad; but we will have Herbert here, and you can try your eloquence upon him."

A few minutes later a tall, lanky boy of fifteen, with a face that denoted obstinacy and cunning, despite otherwise being good-looking, stood where ten minutes before his sister had come to prefer a demand rather than a request on his behalf. Unlike her, however, he shook hands with Miss Travers, and stared at Loo, exclaiming:

"What a beauty! Give us a kiss."

But Loo drew back with dignity, mite as she was, and replied:

"I don't kiss boys."

"Oh, but I'll have one," and he caught the child in his arms, while she fought, screamed, and Mabel rushed to the rescue.

Screaming is infectious, and the baby on hearing Loo cry began also to exercise his lungs, and before the tumult had been quelled Mr. Dorset himself came in, and the children, Loo included, were sent off to the nursery and schoolroom for the time being.

"I'll teach you to scream, whatever I do to you," exclaimed Herbert savagely when he found poor Loo in the schoolroom having tea with the four younger children half an hour afterwards, "and I'll give you a dose to begin with," and he advanced towards her threateningly.

Too much afraid to cry out, Loo crouched with terror, wondering what evil was about to befall her, when Miss Finch, the governess, interferred.

"Leave the room, Herbert, if you can't behave yourself," she said sharply, "or I shall send at once for your father," and knowing that this woman, at any rate, would be obeyed, the boy, who was a rank coward, slunk away.

But Constance kept her word, and sent her brother to the theatre that night in spite of everybody, giving him a little ring to sell to provide himself with money, and her eyes gleamed with wild triumph on her stepmother when the latter asked that night where Herbert was; the insane idea had come into the girl's head that in such a contest she should succeed in driving her stepmother away, and, failing that, she was determined to make her life one long period of torture to her. Loo, too, had earned her dislike by being the cause of her brother's expulsion from the schoolroom; and as some people live in this world to do good, so others only breathe and exist to work evil, and of the latter class was Constance Dorset. Truly, for herself and all connected with her, it were better she had never been born.

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—"Loo kissed Robert Marker gleefully, little dreaming of the time when such a kiss would thrill their hearts."

CHAPTER XII.

"AND WHAT MAY THE WORSE BE?"
"What dares not a woman when she is provoked?
Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?"
FLETCHER.

Two years have passed since the events recorded in my last chapter, and but comparatively few changes have taken place in the life and condition of Loo Travers, for such is the name by which she is now known. Lady Travers has nursed her enmity with a care and pertinacity such as only a woman with but few objects in life could bestow upon one evil thought, until the hope of being one day able to vent her spleen had become the principal aspiration of her existence. Unconscious of the extent of it, yet knowing she was disliked, the child instinctively avoided the old woman, though there was no great effort required to do so, since the greater portion of her time was spent at Kensington, in the house of Mrs. Dorset. An arrangement, as Mabel Travers had suggested, had been made with Miss Finch to remain and take Loo as an extra pupil. Like all people who came in close contact with the lovely child, Mary Finch loved her almost as though she had been her own, her difficulty being among so many bad-natured, bad-tempered children, to avoid showing her preference. And, indeed, Loo and little Freddy, Mrs. Dorset's own child, were the only really lovable children in the whole house, if one may except the baby, who was only a few weeks old, and therefore had no opportunity as yet of giving any decided indication of what its temper and character might be. Though Miss Finch was a highly-educated woman and a first-rate instructress, she was likewise, like a true woman, very motherly and tender in her contact with children. Thus, while even the unbending and disdainful Constance could not help deferring to and admiring her superior knowledge and talent, the youngest children, Master Freddy particularly, would climb up upon her, put his chubby arms round her neck, press his baby mouth, not always free from suspicion of fruit or sweetmeats, to her lips, and say in his imperfect pronunciation:

"Mee Finch; me ove zu—me ove zu!"

What woman could resist such an appeal? Mary Finch returned the kisses with interest, pressed the strong, beautiful boy in her arms, called him "her boy," and sighed as she thought of one who had died in that "valley of death where rode the Six Hundred." But for that fatal "blunder," she too might have been blessed with a baby boy of her own. Even with his step-brothers and sisters little Freddy was a pet. The child was so good-natured, so thoroughly good-tempered, never, however unkindly he was treated, bore resentment, and was always so ready to give up his own toys and possessions to others, even to give a kiss for a blow, that, while the other children constantly quarrelled with each other, one and all were fond of Freddy, and Constance, with all her vindictiveness and hatred of her stepmother, had more than once been seen, when she thought herself unobserved, to kiss him. Thus matters stood when the new baby came, and Master Freddy's cot, which had always stood by the side of his mother's bed, not always to the satisfaction of his father, had now to be removed.

"Let it be brought into my room for a week or two, until he gets accustomed to the change," Miss Finch suggested, when the matter was under discussion; "he won't disturb me, and Susan can come and take him away to the nursery to be dressed as she does now. He won't fret much at leaving you as he would if sent directly to sleep with the other children."

And Mrs. Dorset acquiesced, thanking Miss Finch, and feeling that she should feel no anxiety now about her darling, for, despite his popularity in the nursery, the sentiment was always more or less upon her that he was a lamb let loose among a pack of wolves.

After his exploit in going to a theatre in defiance of strict orders to the contrary, Herbert Dorset had been sent away to the house of a clergyman living at the sea-side, who kept a tutor and received a limited number of young gentlemen to read with his own son, and be prepared for a civil service examination.

"If we can send him out to India and get Constance married, there might be a chance of peace and comfort for us," Mr. Dorset said with a sigh.

And his wife assented, adding, however, in a tone of wearied disgust:

"But who would marry Constance, that knew her?"

"Oh, we will hope some idiot may be found willing to risk his salvation," was the jesting answer; but both of them were unconscious that Constance herself was listening to them, and that her face at that moment was certainly, if judged by its expression, enough to frighten away the most venturesome aspirant to her hand and favor.

But all of this went to make up the sum of the wrongs and iniquities practiced against her, for so she was pleased to consider them; for, regardless of her own conduct, she treasured and hoarded up every word and expression that could be construed into being unkind that either her father or stepmother uttered about her.

A miserably unhealthy, even wicked frame of mind for a young woman with the beauty of youth and the world before her, to fall into, or rather grow into, for it had become a part of her nature, and instead of spending her time, as most girls of her age do, in dreaming of possible or impossible lovers, her one idea was of achieving her revenge. Had she been asked "for what?" she could scarcely have distinctly told you. The tale was too long, the catalogue too great for her to specify any one particular, for to her idea her wrongs commenced from the time of her father's second marriage, and daily she now told herself the cup of her sufferings was well-nigh full. And yet, to an impartial observer, Constance Dorset had nothing to find fault with in her lot. Her stepmother, whether she liked her or not, took her to any amusement she or her husband went to; always saw that she was well and prettily dressed; often superintended the arrangement of her toilet for any special occasion herself, and gave one or two parties a year for her especial benefit, and all without earning one spark of gratitude from the girl, who was determined to find a bad motive in the purest actions.

"Oh, yes, I see through it all; she wants to get rid of me," she said bitterly to Miss Finch, one day when the latter was admiring a new dress which Mr. Dorset had asserted to be unnecessary, and which his wife had bought out of her own private purse, for the girl to wear at an evening party. The governess knew the history of the dress, and had told it to Constance, to receive the retort I have recorded, supplemented with the observation:

"They can't send me to India or some other hole to die, as they mean to do with poor Herbert, so they are trying to induce some man to take me off their hands and save the expense of the extra charge on the butcher's, and baker's, and draper's bills. I'm not an idiot, Miss Finch; it's throwing a sprat to catch a herring; and if they could land a whale instead, like little Johnny Horner, they could exclaim how good they had been, and how they had done their duty to me, and how grateful I ought to be, and all the rest that I hear talked day after day by the women who come to see my stepmother, and whom I detest only a trifle less than I do her."

"I am ashamed to hear you talk like this, Constance," exclaimed the governess angrily; "are you devoid of all human feeling or womanly tenderness? Will no kindness, no affection, touch you? I can tell you if I had been your stepmother you would have found life very different to what you do now."

"And pray what would you have done?" with a sneer.

"Having tried kindness, as your stepmother has done, I should have sent you away to learn a trade and earn your own living. Nothing but hard work and stern discipline will bring you to your senses."

"You forget that we are in a free country, and that I could run away," returned the girl scornfully.

"No, I don't, but without money one must work to live; and if they will not, there is worse behind!"

"And what may 'the worse' be?" she asked scornfully.

"There are reformatories, lunatic asylums and prisons!" replied Miss Finch, evasively, "and such conduct as yours, Constance, but too often leads to one of them; do let me entreat you to think of what you are doing; for your own sake drive the evil spirit that so often possesses you out of your heart; pray to Him for Christ's sake to give you strength to overcome the evil you have harbored so long! Oh, Constance, do stop and think, and strive to be a good woman, before it is too late."

"I think you have forgotten that my education is completed, Miss Finch, and I am no longer under your control" was the chilling response; "and as for sermons, believe me, I get quite enough of that kind of thing at church on Sundays, and you must take a few lessons before the curate will care to appoint you his deputy." With which she walked out of the room, leaving the governess depressed, though not surprised, for it was by no means the first appeal she had made to the girl's feelings, though, sad to say, always with the same result.

Thus matters stood when, one never-to-be-forgotten day, some two months after the preceding conversation, Herbert Dorset came home—was sent home, I should more strictly say—some difference of opinion having arisen between himself and another of the pupils, in which the clergyman had taken the other's part. When the letter announcing his son's expulsion arrived that morning Mr. Dorset declared that he should not enter his doors again, but that he would cast him off forever, and he threw down the letter, and attacked his breakfast vigorously, as though striving to forget this new trouble and disgrace that had come upon him.

"Surely, papa," exclaimed Constance, who was likewise seated at the breakfast-table, "you don't mean to turn your own son out of doors?"

"And why not, miss, when he has disgraced me? If he were twenty times my son, I would disown him!"

"Then I think your conduct is far more disgraceful than his," was the next retort, while her big, round eyes glared like those of a maniac. "Where is he to go? what is he to do? It is such fathers as you who drive their children to wickedness?"

"Constance," said her stepmother, severely, "you are forgetting yourself."

But Mr. Dorset said, curtly:

"Leave the room until you know how to address me properly."

And, with fierce defiance in her face, the girl rose and obeyed.

"I think I should let Herbert come home, if only for a day or two," observed Mrs. Dorset, a few minutes later. "No doubt he has been to blame, but there are always two sides to a question. It will be such a disgrace for him to be expelled from his father's house, and you can make some arrangement for him to go away again almost immediately."

"I wish we could send that girl away too," was the irritated reply.

"So do I, but we can't; therefore, the best way is to take no notice of her. But about Herbert—I think you'd better let him come home."

"As you like, dear. All the real happiness I have known is since you have been my wife. Do as you like, though in this case I fear your kindness is thrown away, and your trouble will be useless."

Ah! little could he dream of the horror and mystery and crime that would, before another day was fully spent, come over his family and name—never to leave it again, but to be recorded as one of the most frightful and mysterious crimes of the present century.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COUNT TOLSTOY, Procurator-general of the Russian Holy Synod, in a report to the Czar, states that at the end of 1875 the Russian Greek Church possessed 38,602 churches, including cathedrals; 12,860 chapels and oratories; 98,897 archpriests, priests, deacons and precentors, and 56,500,000 members, of whom 29,000,000 are women and 27,500,000 men. The Holy Synod granted 1,005 divorces in 1875, the reason in 664 cases being that the husband or wife had absconded.

A CURIOSITY is shown at Dayton, Ohio, in the shape of a pig, which has one head and one pair of eyes, but two pair of ears, eight legs and feet, and two tails. Beginning at the head and shoulders, it is, besides the ears and forelegs, apparently perfectly formed, but just back of the shoulders the body divides, and from that back there are two pigs, each being perfectly formed. The animal possesses two sets of vital organs—that is to say, two hearts, two livers, etc.

WILD CHICKENS, numbered by thousands, are hunted as wild game in Comanche County, Texas. A few years ago a large number of domestic chickens were deserted for some reason by their owner, when they took to the brush, and the woods are now full of wild chickens.

THE RULING PASSION cropped out in a New Orleans barber, who, while shaving the face of a dead man, gave the corpse the whole history of the Silver Bill, the rise and fall of gold, and the attitude of the foreign bondholders.

OVER $2,000 A YEAR is the value of the suds of a Bonanza miner's wash. The dirt washed from their shirts has been found to assay $259.10 the ton. What a field for Nevada washerwomen!

THE PROMPTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He sits in the wings, and nobody knows
Nor cares for his multitudinous woes.
He's nothing to those who grudgingly pay
Their money to see the last new play.
The leading man, heavy, comedian, all
May win, if they can, a fresh recall;
The gen'ral utility proudly walks
On the very boards where the bright star stalks;
And even the super, daring the Fates,
May enter and say "The carriage waits!"
But alone and unknown the prompter sits,
Dead to applause and unmindful of hits.
A thoroughly curious fellow, whose
Duty in life is to look after cues!
And yet, though he sits behind the throne,
His power is such that all must own,
Like the boy who blows the organ, no doubt
The play would stop if he were left out.
And yet, for his work 'tis little he gets
But curses, abuse, fault-finding and threats.
If he prompts too promptly, somebody swears;
If he waits too long, the audience stares.
And so, though his nature forever inclines
Towards nothing so much as perfect lines,
It cannot be said with truth or grace
That his lines are cast in a pleasant place.

HER NAME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MILT HOFFMAN.

I am an old bachelor, and, therefore, of course, my word is good for nothing, in a social sense, but you will believe me, I hope, when I say that I am the most miserable man alive.

"Why are you always so gloomy?" my partner, Harry Brown, is wont to say; and then I speak of family troubles, when I have not a relative alive—of deep study racking my brain, when I do nothing but smoke, and dream, and sing mournful dirges all day long—of financial embarrassment, when I owe not a dollar in the world.

Still I am miserable, as Harry and his pretty, black-eyed wife both know; and I think the latter secretly glories in the fact, and wishes that I might be more miserable still.

A young bachelor of my age must be pretty far gone, I own, when he dreams about another man's wife; but the other night I thought that this strange little woman came into my room, and, bending over my pillow, whispered softly in my ear how she had once loved me, how she hated me now, and how I might have married her at one time had I not been frightened away by that horrible name.

But I may as well tell you all about it—how I am an old bachelor, and Harry is the husband of the woman I love.

It is just three years ago to-day that Mrs. Tobias Rivers whispered to me on the street that the latest arrival at her house was a niece from Kentucky, very pretty, very accomplished, and withal very agreeable.

"Rich?" I questioned with a laugh, for I was a privileged character with Mrs. Tobias Rivers.

"No; very poor," was the reply; "in fact, she is an orphan. But you will come and see her all the same?"

"Oh, certainly; shall be delighted."

That night I met Tom Harwood, one of the gay, young men of the city, and he said:

"That niece of Mrs. Tobias Rivers is perfectly lovely; the sharpest, blackest eyes you ever saw, and such a sunny smile, and a form so graceful! I am really in love with her."

"Then you have met her?" I said.

"Oh, no; not formally; sort of street acquaintance. I have seen her, and I fancy ——"

"She has seen you."

"Exactly; and it won't be a great while before I shall have the honor of an introduction. I call there this evening."

The next two weeks I was absent from the city, and when I met Tom Harwood again he carried a long face, and was strangely uncommunicative.

"And how about that pretty niece of Mrs. Rivers?" I asked.

"Just as lovely as ever," he replied. "I have been to see her frequently of late, but I shall go there no more."

"And why, pray?" I asked.

"Can't stand the pressure," he replied.

It was very strange, I thought, but there must be an explanation somewhere; so I said:

"Perhaps she has mittened you."

"No."

"And still you call her an angel, and at the same time positively declare your connection with her broken. Are you mad?"

My companion laughed quietly, and then, just as quietly, said:

"You do not understand me. I look upon her as a very lovely girl, but I cannot endure to be laughed at; therefore I cannot endure her. I have taken her somewhere every evening this week—parties, balls, concerts, what not, and I have heard nothing but quiet snickers, side jests, stale wit, ridicule and humor; all at her expense, and mine, since I first took her out, and I can't stand it any longer; in other words, 'I throw up the sponge.'"

"Well," I said to myself, "something must be wrong. Maybe Tom Harwood has been jilted, for all he tells me different. I'll ask some of the other boys about this beautiful stranger."

Ten minutes later I was face to face with Ben Leslie, one of the gayest of the gay, and to my interrogation on the subject aforesaid he answered:

"I have seen her, and she is just splendid—one of the loveliest creatures in the world. But it's no use. As Tom Harwood says, 'I can't stand the pressure.'"

"But you do not deny that she is very attractive?" I growled, now thoroughly nettled over the strange problem.

"Attractive!" he repeated; "why, she is an angel."

"But she is poor," I sneered.

"I don't care for that," he quickly said. "It's deucedly funny, I own, but I can't help it. Ask Tom Harwood; he'll tell you all about it. But, better still, go and see the girl yourself."

I decided at once to accept this last advice, and accordingly started for the Rivers mansion. I was nearly at the gate when I met Jack Guthrie, "The Rollicking," as the boys called him, and the first thing he did when he saw me was to laug loudly.

"What's the matter, Jack?" I said.

"Are you going to see the new arrival?" he asked.

"Yes."

He threw his head back, and walked away with a laugh that was simply diabolical.

"A pack of infernal idiots," I growled, and five minutes later was ushered into the presence of the innocent cause of all this mystery.

Her name was Nancy Gump!

I saw it all in a moment. I knew at once what Tom Harwood and the other fellows were laughing about.

"Gump isn

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

J. F. MC.. Prescott.—1. They were not playing "lice." It was a little game of their own which they called by that name because of a slight resemblance to "loo." 2. The Appletons of this city publish a New York guide-book, price fifty cents. There is no way of getting a separate guide-book for London except by sending for it to that city, where various ones are published at about a shilling English apiece. Harpers and the Appletons both publish European tour books, which are of course guides to London; but they are necessarily elaborate and costly.

J. T. R.—No answers by telegraph. The Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city, was closed Good Friday, March 30, 1877. Also at the matinee March 31, "The Princess Royal" was produced for the first time in that theatre on the night of March 31. We cannot undertake to decide whether that theatre was closed purely out of respect to the observance of Good Friday, or really for the purpose of rehearsing the new piece. The advertisements containing these words: "There will be NO performance Friday next (Good Friday)."

H. F., Washington.—1. Barney Frain, prior to coming to this country, fought Jim Radhican at Bury, Eng., May 4, 1861, and Ned Price at Hull, Eng., March 4, 1862. In America he fought Jack Grady, on Long Island, Aug. 26, 1858, and Tom Bradshaw, near Little Falls, N. Y., July 23, 1860. Frain won all of these. 2. No. Morris weighed 100lb., and Frain 135lb.

S. B.—1. They will not permit us to ransack their files. If you go to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, Police Headquarters, you can, for a small fee, find it out in five minutes. 2. That Museum was burned July 13, 1865. 3. Winter Garden, March 23, 1867. 4. No such piece was playing, and John Brougham was not there. 5. The lady is dead.

C. H. D., Washington.—In most coteries throughout the country a "straight" beats two pair only. There are many, however, in which it beats three-of-a-kind. It is not a regular poker hand, and will beat nothing unless admitted into the game by special agreement, at which time its precise value should also be agreed upon.

TYRO, N. Oxford.—1. You are an American, and can say that, adding, if you choose, that you are of Scotch and Irish descent. 2. The chances are so slight of getting a situation here, either "at case" or to learn job-printing, that we should advise you to stay where you are.

JACK SPRATT.—If not fatigued, or not suffering from a seriously disordered and stagnant liver, you are a fortunate man in being able to fall asleep so easily. Unless you feel unwell, don't meddle with what you regard as a weakness. "Blessed is sleep," and wise is its Inventor.

A AND B, Baltimore.—In a single-handed game it is perfectly proper for a player to pass on any hand. In this case B would have been a very poor euchre-player, had he not passed, as his hand was even stronger in diamonds than in hearts.

J. S., Rogers City.—B could not take the "dummy," for two reasons—first, he had passed it when it was his privilege to take it; and next, it ceased to be a "dummy" as soon as it was turned up. B could draw one card, and no more.

C. M., Chelsea.—1. Boxing-day in England is "older than the hills," almost. It is the next day after Christmas, when Christmas does not fall on Saturday. In other words, it is celebrated on Dec. 26 or 27. 2. Conner & Sons, Centre and Duane streets.

OLD TIMER, Toronto.—John Higgins, on Sept. 16, 1876, issued a challenge through THE CLIPPER to any man who rowed in the Centennial Regatta, the race to be for from £200 to £500 a side, and to take place on the Thames River, Eng., reasonable expenses being allowed.

"FATTY."—1. There is no champion. 2. Almost every beer-saloon has a table or a system differing from the one or the other in the saloon on the next block. The rules of every house govern in that house.

J. M. B. AND W. H. H., Edenburg.—Upon the principle that "the greater circle includes the less," the man has been going around that squirrel ever since it got out of Noah's ark.

MACK, Baltimore.—The same proportion of balls should be maintained in shooting off; otherwise the contest would be altered into a level match, which was not the intention when it was made.

D. M. S., Philadelphia.—1. Capt. Bogardus is so considered. 2. We think not, but shall be able to give a positive answer next week. 3. You neglect to mention distances. Bogardus has killed 500 single birds straight.

IRVING STONE, Chicago.—Howes walked 129 miles in 24h. 20m. 36s., when he was told to stop. Twenty competed. A report appeared in CLIPPER dated March 23, which can be had upon application.

COTOSAK.—1. Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer fought three times. 2. No; Barney Aaron and Dan Collyer were with Sam during the preparation for his last fight. Johnny Newell and Aaron seconded Collyer then.

T. Y. D., Horneliesville.—A asked $30 to boot, and B asked $10, the "difference" between them is $20, the "split" of which is $10, and that B pays A.

A. J. S., Lowell.—As there is no means of accurately ascertaining the wealth of individuals, we decline to vex ourselves with such questions.

N. E. W.—To prevent possible "juggling," the practice is to require the dice to be shaken and then thrown clear of the box.

R. S. T., Fort Wayne.—Address a note to the Mayor of St. Louis, who will put you in the way of finding out if saved or lost. Inclose a stamp for reply.

M. C. D., Little Rock.—They have separated. He is travelling with the Williamson "Struck Oil" Combination, acting Sargeant Flynn.

A. S. J., Buffalo.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, which seats 3,000, is the largest in this country. The Boston (Mass.) Theatre seats 3,972.

H. AND M., Philadelphia.—Perform it before some manager or volunteer for some benefit, and if you make a hit you will have plenty of engagements.

T. M. J., Harrisburg.—Thanks for the offer, but we have so many correspondents now that we cannot give all the full bearing we could wish.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Sunbury.—1. Bill Poole was fatally shot Feb. 25, 1855, and died March 8 following. 2. B can at most straddle A's blind.

MRS. E. P., Yankton.—No answers by mail. Charles Walters of Walters and Morton, song-and-dance, died in this city Jan. 31 last.

W. W., St. Peter.—1. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him. 2. It is a matter of private agreement. 3. 25 per cent.

ED. RUSSELL.—If your pipe has been smoked it would spoil it to attempt to remove the scratches. 2. Of W. P. Spaulding, who can be addressed in care of this office.

L. UREL, Cleveland.—There is no cricket championship of England. The gentlemen players have defeated the professionals for the past three years.

A. REYNOLDS, Reynoldsville.—If D refused to wrestle, the bet was a draw, and A and B should have received their money back.

F. S., Oskaloosa.—1. Edward Trickett. 2. Evan Morris. 3. Not in a match race, but they did twice in regattas. 4. Plaisted. 5. Use the juice of lemon.

C. H. R., Ottawa.—As he did not stake, he could not claim the deal, in our opinion. Among gamblers, in this city, the same party always deals.

DECLINED—"I'll Never Marry," "Carrying the Banner," "Woman's Nature," "His Last Epistle," "We're All Broke up To-night," "Name of Your Leader."

R. P. K., Louisville.—From good players, who never play cards from books.

K., East Saginaw.—A man can win who bets on what is called "a sure thing."

G. P. M., Rochester.—No answers by mail. Letters addressed in care of this office will quickest reach them.

BLACK CROOK, Covington.—The jack counts as "his son," whether in hand or in crib.

R. B. A., Renovo.—Address Pacific Mail Steamship Co., Pier 42, N. R., this city.

F. R. W., Auburn.—That object-ball is outside of the "string" line.

C. H. G., Ballarat.—In cutting for deal at seven-up high wins, and the highest seven-up card, which is ace, is high.

H. C. N., Springfield.—Address the paper in which it appeared.

A. B. C., Newburn.—The call should go. But banks make their own rules.

HAVERHILL.—Yes. William Howes walked 100 miles in 18 hours 8 minutes 20 seconds.

JUNIOR.—We do not answer questions concerning the domestic or private affairs of professional ladies.

W. C. A., New Haven.—1. The gentleman does not wish it known. 2. We cannot say about the wife.

J. P. K., Indianapolis.—"A Celebrated Case" was first acted in this city Wednesday, March 23, 1878.

ALBERT KAZENKER.—1. No. 2. Application to the nearest bandmaster is the handiest direction in your case.

YORKEY DAWSON.—State the bet, if you wish us to decide it.

W. F. B. W., Williamsburg.—At auction pitch, as properly played, a player can bid but once.

PHILIP ROPER.—Prof McClellan does. His address is 44 West Thirtieth street, this city.

SUBSCRIBER, Detroit.—Of Ed. James, whose address appears in advertisement.

LOU, Milwaukee.—Heenan and Sayres fought on April 17, 1860.

F. S., San Antonio.—Your card costs $1.96 each time. No discount less than three months. See rates on eighth page.

C. CARROLL.—We published something like it, a prose sketch, some time ago.

S. D. C., Richmond.—Miss Lizzie Webster played Gabriel in "Evangeline" most recently. Others have played it.

F. V. D., Lima.—He is business-manager of a variety theatre in Newark, N. J.

T. C. R.—1. Brown is with the Providence nine. 2. Yes; most likely.

S. W., Fall River.—Give us an approximate date and we will hunt it up.

W. H. P., Omaha.—Steamboats have frequently run at the rate of twenty miles an hour in slack water.

ROCK CROCK, Compton.—Both bets are off. They were predicated upon a race of nine competitors.

H. G., New Britain.—It gives you but two for thirty-one. There is no special count for last card in that case.

HARRISBURG.—They might be purchased in Baltimore or Washington.

W. F. S., Washington.—*Silliman's Journal of Science*, monthly, price $5 cents, is published in this city.

W. AND W.—1. In that space, $5.10. 2. As the engagements are longer, the weekly salary is usually smaller.

INQUIRER, Newark.—Mme. Rudersdorf has been the instructress of Miss Thursby, and we believe also of Miss Lasar.

FRANK S. PYNE.—Senator Morrissey was born at Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland.

CONSTANT READER.—Senator Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831.

CONSTANT READER, Lonaconing.—We cannot undertake to recommend business firms.

H. M. G., Lowell.—*The Asheville Pioneer, The North Carolina Citizen* and *The Western Expositor*.

IGNORANCE, Norristown.—Ned O'Baldwin defeated Geo. Dean and Andy Marsden in England.

DERBY, Trenton.—The Derby will be run on June 5 next.

W. F. S., Chicago.—Pronounced as if spelled Boo-see-ko.

W. S., St. Paul.—1. No. 2. It is a race of four-mile heats.

H. JONES, Pittsburg.—See record of Athletic Games.

A. F. E., Brooklyn.—1. Yes. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

N. G. CRAWFORD, Louisville.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

ELK STREET, Buffalo.—High, low, jack, game, pedro.

NATIONAL, Philadelphia.—Four aces and a three count 24.

A PLAYER.—Not on League grounds until Sept. 14.

A CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The jack counts.

SUBSCRIBER X.—Do not believe it is obtainable.

W. A. P., Cincinnati.—Barnie was the catcher.

FRANK SEVERY, Albany.—The game is not familiar.

W. B., Oil City.—The Chinese eat birds' nests.

H. W., Cincinnati.—There are none on sale.

RANDUSKY.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

E. R.—We have not the measurements.

E. W. SHEPHERD.—Expires with No. 5.

W. A. S., Hickman.—"Cleopatra."

RAILROADER.—Thus: J. J. Jones.

E. Z., Detroit.—Out of print.

PECOY, Elgin.—John Dwyer.

T. S., Toronto.—No record.

J. A. C.—There is nothing.

READER.—No.

HAVING UNDERSTOOD that Mr. and Mrs. Tilton contemplate joining in the holy bonds again, we sought out the lady at her residence in Brooklyn for the purpose of interviewing her. On making known the purport of our errand, we were given to understand that it was none of our business, and admission was absolutely refused us. Are "we" to be insulted in this way by every woman we seek to interview? Are not the responsibilities of an editor onerous enough without his being subjected to the scorn and contumely of the weaker sex? To interview all classes of the community and enter their residences at any and all times that may be most convenient to us are among the rights guaranteed a free press by the Constitution of the United States! None of our business, forsooth! *Everything* is our business!

WE GUESS the corpse would have enjoyed it could it have known how lively the Dublin boys made the funeral of Lord Leitrim on the 10th inst. They hooted and hissed, and hustled the mourners like it was a free fight. That's worse than stopping a funeral procession on its way to Greenwood, while the sorrowing friends of the deceased go into a "saloon" to sample the whiskey.

THE IDEA of singing an opera in three different languages is a very happy one, and should receive the endorsement of all lovers of the lyric art; for it appeals to the sympathies of a cosmopolitan brotherhood, and binds them together in a more compact and harmonious form. The more languages the parts of an opera are sung in, the better it is for the cultivated tastes.

SOMEBODY says that Mr. Tilden spent $375,000 to secure his election to the Presidency. The result shows that the money was not judiciously distributed, else the other side oversized his pilet.

"OFF COLOR."—Some of the papers were rather severe in their notices of a performance of "Richard III" given by a company of colored amateurs one evening last week. Ridicule is not criticism, and we are surprised that any journal having pretense to fairness and justice should so far have gone out of the usual course to sneer at a man on account of the color of his skin, over which he has no control. It was merely an amateur performance, given by a number of colored persons, hard-working men and women, whose daily toil prevents them from meeting for rehearsal except at long intervals. In their laudable efforts to achieve dramatic distinction, they labored under numerous disadvantages, owing to their complexion; they were refused the use of halls or theatres devoted to dramatic exhibitions by members of the white-faced persuasion, and obstacles in every conceivable shape were placed in their way to prevent a fair trial of what our colored friends could do on the histrionic boards. Instead of assisting to lift them out of the rut in which they are forced to move by reason of their color, some critics of the daily press sought to belittle their efforts by ridicule and unmerited condemnation. How are the colored race to improve themselves if opportunity to do so is denied them? The little pleasantries and sarcasms indulged in by critics may be a source of merriment to themselves and certain of their friends, but it is cruelty to the poor colored man whose ambition leads him a step forward in the race for public honors.

THIS IS HOLY WEEK. Palm Sunday was a complete success, the weather being lovely, and everything looked peaceful and bright. This is generally put down as the worst week of the season for theatres, and managers dread it as they do the coming of the collector of the Society for the Support and Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. Good Friday is not a good day for matinees, and it will probably be skipped so far as day performances are concerned.

IN A POEM on "Ethereal Mildness," the Burlington man with a *Hawkeye* exposes his ignorance when, alluding to a mossy fell, he says he does not know what a fell is, but thinks it grows in the woods! This is richness, indeed! For the enlightenment of this Iowa scribbler, we would say that it *does* grow in the woods, but it is not a *fell* until it is cut down!

WE THINK we told you some weeks ago how the race between Oxford and Cambridge would go; if we didn't, we intended to, which is pretty much the same thing. As we predicted, Oxford won without any extraordinary exertion, and Cambridge came in a somewhat bad second. We are now prepared to make predictions on the coming Derby.

WE REGRET to hear that S. A. Chace, the highly respectable treasurer of the Union Mills Company of Fall River, Mass., is a trifle behind in his accounts, the deficit at latest accounts being half a million of dollars! Since the discrepancy was discovered there has not been any strength in Union, and the mills grind slowly.

WE SURELY must be getting down to hard-pan again, for at a performance of "Hamlet" at the Opera-house, Pittsburg, on April 11, the theatre was "illuminated" by candles and oil-lamps! Think of Edwin Booth acting by the light of a penny dip! *We* thought "the light of other days had faded!"

COMING NORTH.—John T. Ford, Esq., the popular Baltimore manager, is to have control of John S. Clarke's Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, next season. It is not likely that Mr. Ford's managerial ambition will be satisfied until he obtains a lease of a New York theatre. He will be welcome here.

VERY PROPER was the verdict of the jury in the case of Volante, who was recently accidentally killed by Mrs. Franklin during a feat of sharp-shooting. The jury exonerated Mrs. Franklin from all blame.

NOT PROPERLY AUTHENTICATED comes a report that the English have seized Samoa! If correct, it will add some more to their already extensive territory, on which "the sun never sets."

THE SEASON for religious anniversaries and the circus commences about the same time. This is curious, to say the least. Wonder what connection there is between them, anyhow!

NOW THAT Tweed has passed away, let the ill that he has done be interred with his bones. The bright phases of his life will live after him.

THERE SEEMS to be a good deal of sympathy for the "Boss," now that sympathy won't do him any good.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** April 8: Ex-Confederate General Field elected by the Democrats Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives over Gen. Shields, Republican nominee.....It was decided in the Gettysburg claim case that the Government is not liable for private losses of citizens caused by war..... Hon. A. S. Hewitt proposed to shorten sessions of Congress by using the old hall for ordinary business. .....Mr. Holahan's Excise Bill was ordered to a third reading in the N. Y. Assembly.....The Senate voted to give Topeka, Kan., a $50,000 building.....A gold brick worth over $50,000 was cast at Helena, Mont.....Thomas Benney killed and Harry Breman dangerously injured by an explosion of sulphur at Pottsville, Pa.....City news: Pretended confession of Mrs. Tilton offered for sale—she pronounced it a forgery; Secretary Sherman conferred with the bankers about resumption; Germans gave Bayard Taylor a farewell "blow-out" at Liederkranz Hall; temperance question discussed in the Methodist Conference; Simon Klous failed for $400,000; the striking bricklayers carried their point; thirteen nurses "turned out" of the training school; sugar importers and refiners opposed the new tariff; writ of habeas corpus granted in the case of ex-Gov. Moses; David Eldridge got fifteen years for burglary.....Springfield, Mass., excited over the elopement of Miss Emma Jillson, aged 16, with A. D. Foskett, married.....Loss of the American ship Jennie Agnes off the coast of Florida; the British ship Vermont and the British bark Carleton announced.....By cable: Lords Beaconsfield and Derby spoke in the British Parliament on the address to the Queen; 10,000 Bengal cavalrymen promised to England; Russians guarding against an Austrian attack in the rear..... Fires: Several houses at Forsyth, Ga.—loss $13,000; steam sawmill at Keene, N. H.—loss $6,000.

*** April 9: Railroad Funding Bill passed the U. S. Senate.....Rose Vincent of Methuen, Mass., murdered by Fred Savage because he "loved her too much.".....McEvoy, the murderer of Major Gregg, was for the third time sentenced at Aiken, S. C., to be hanged.....Ex-Congressman Vance was at the Lick House, San Francisco, insane..... In the U. S. Senate, Mr. Edmunds objected to present consideration of the House bill to place General Shields upon the retired list of the army. .....In N. Y. Senate killed the bill taxing clergymen.....The Assembly passed the Dannemora Railroad Bill and the Supply Bill.....News received that the daughter of Gen. E. F. Beale and her husband had been bitten by a mad dog in Paris.....Arthur Burley committed suicide by poisoning at Meriden, Ct.....Railroad car thrown down an embankment near Nicosia, Cal., President J. G. Easland and daughter being dangerously hurt.....Chapman, land-title swindler, sentenced to three years' imprisonment.....City: Geo. T. Curtis lectured on Presidential elections and the Electoral Commission; concert at Steinway Hall in aid of the Victor Emannuel Monument Fund; steamer St. John and tugboat Only Son collided; Capt. Copeland charged with conduct unbecoming a police-officer; proposition from Secretary Sherman to sell $100,000,000 four per cent. bonds for gold declined by bankers; Policeman Michael Deane stated to have fallen heir to valuable property in Canada; Policeman A. H. Cole charged with conspiracy resulting in S. H. Clarke being sent to jail; investigation regarding the ferryboat and schooner collision began; Samuel Baron tripped the light fantastic continuously for fourteen hours; Mrs. Helen S. Clark, a magnetic physician, testified in the Vanderbilt will case; appointments of the M. E. Conference announced.....Examination of charges against Judge Smith of Cortland County, N. Y., began before the Governor..... Coroner's jury at Peekskill, N. Y., found the steamer Magenta to have been unfit for use..... Irishmen at Springfield, Mass., adopted resolutions thanking Gen. Butler for his effort in Gen. Shields' behalf.....It was suspected that Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Berlin, N. J., were poisoned by young woman employe.....Falling wall crushed Martin Boland to death near Pottsville, Pa.....Fires: Thirteen buildings at Galveston, Texas—loss $50,000; half the business part of Lancaster, N. H.; Union School building, Dundee, Ill.—loss $25,000; Cameron's grist-mill, Thurso, Ont.—loss $12,000..... By cable: Address to the Queen adopted by the House of Commons; Gortschakoff replied to England's circular note, denying that Russia is seeking her own aggrandizement, and calling on Lord Salisbury to state exactly what is wanted; Italy will remain strictly neutral.

*** April 10: Congressional Committee appointed by a Republican caucus at Washington; resolution asking the President to rescind the office-holders' order referred to committee.....Discovered that S. A. Chace, treasurer, embezzled nearly $500,000 from the Union Mills Company, Fall River, Mass.....N. Y. Assembly passed the Apportionment, Iron Telegraph-pole and Water-supply Bills..... Judge Bartley argued in Washington on behalf of Southern war claims.....Senator Gordon in vain urged action on General Shields' pension case..... The Senate confirmed Prof. Hoyt as Governor of Wyoming.....Committee on Ways and Means voted in favor of an income tax.....City news: National banks and members of the 4 per cent. syndicate made offers to Secretary Sherman for $50,000,000 bonds; anti-Tammany Democrats demanded reductions in city expenses; six witnesses in the Vanderbilt will case; Mrs. Worcester arrested for malpractice, the victim being Mrs. Bridget McLaughlin, aged 23; gold, 100⅞@100⅝—gold value of legal-tender dollar at close, 99 4-10 cents; Henry Wolf hung himself; Wm. M. Tweed said to be dangerously ill.....Whitelaw Reid gave a farewell dinner to Bayard Taylor; W. W. Jamieson, a soldier from Governor's Island, pleaded guilty to assault with intent to kill Alexander McClelland. .....Financial troubles induced Charles Pardee o cut his throat at Skaneateles, N. Y.....George Ellis made affidavit that Benjamin Hunter tried to bribe him to poison Graham, a witness against Hunter, in the Camden, N. J., jail.....Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad substituted stock for the usual cash dividend.....Greenback Convention held at Des Moines, Iowa.....Cable news: Prince Gortschakoff's reply considered pacific and argumentative; Russians massing troops in Roumania; a crowd hissed and hooted at the funeral of the Earl of Leitrim, in Dublin, Ireland; famine in China increasing.....Savage pleaded guilty to the murder of Rose Vincent at Saco, Me.....Mrs. Ellen Murphy and Miss Nellie Brossel were killed on the railroad at East Syracuse, N. Y.....Fires: Boute & Co.'s rope factory, Dayton, Ky.—loss $40,000; Busey Block, Urbana, Ill.—loss $25,000; J. Decker's grain elevator, Bellevue, O.—loss $10,000; A. Treadale's residence, Evanston, Ill.—loss $9,000.

*** April 11: Congress—In the Senate, the Deficiency Bill passed; Mr. Dennis of Maryland presented Blair's resolutions, making a short speech against them—referred to Judiciary Committee. The House passed the Pension Appropriation Bill, after striking out the section abolishing pension agencies.....James Wallace, a merchant, stabbed himself to death at New Orleans, La.....At Trenton, N. J., a quarrel about a dog resulted in Michael Lynch being dangerously shot by James McCarthy.....James McDonnell, Charles Sharpe and Thomas Dakin, "Molly Maguires," arraigned for murder, at Mauch Chunk, Pa.....John E. Lyon, railroad president, accidentally burned to death at Plymouth, N. H. .....The N. Y. Assembly passed the Constitutional Amendment providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature; also the General Pipe-line Bill.....Local political factions fought for the possession of the Council-room at East St. Louis, Ill.....Railroad freights from Chicago to the Missouri River cut down.....Hon. John Morrissey had a relapse.....The swamping of a rowboat caused the death of three persons at Martin's Ferry, O.....Ohio Senate voted to issue $2,000,000 more bonds for completing the Southern Railroad.....Train robbed on the Texas Pacific R. R.....Henry Bunn killed by a man named Weidman at Stevenson, Ala.....John Ursery murdered by Wm. Briggs at Campbellsville, Tenn..... Sam Steenburgh, sentenced to be hung at Fonda, N. Y., confessed having committed eleven murders.....Strikers on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad discharged, and trains running regularly.....City: Contract between Secretary Sherman and the Syndicate for $50,000,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds, $10,000,000 to be subscribed now and $40,000,000 monthly during balance of year; Launcelot Cormack Fogarty killed his wife and then himself; Bayard Taylor and family sailed for Germany; Mrs. Augusta Breitenstein suicided by taking arsenic; sixty-second anniversary of the N. Y. Female Bible Society; arrangements made for annual reunion of officers of the Third Army Corps at Newburg May 7; William M. Tweed still in a critical condition; Rev. Denmon N. Beardsley of the Church of the Holy Trinity pleaded a voluntary bankrupt.....Thomas F. Hatch committed suicide in Brooklyn, N. Y.....Cable news: Germany refused to guarantee the neutrality of Austria; the Russian Grand Duke stopped work on the new Turkish defenses at Constantinople; England sending torpedoes to the Mediterranean. .....Fires: Property belonging to Eddy, Avery & Co. and others, at Bay City, Mich.—loss $200,000; car-house, railroad-cars, etc., at North New London, Ct.—loss $40,000; twelve buildings at Cadillac, Mich.—loss $10,000.

*** April 12: Board of army officers, with Gen. Schofield as president, ordered to convene at West Point, N. Y., to receive new evidence in Fitz-John Porter's case.....Verdict in the case of the wrecked steamer Metropolis threw blame upon Mr. Lunt, one of the owners, and Eben Manson, a shipbuilder.....A report favored the sale of the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a public market.....Congress: Senate not in session. The House restored to Captain Armes his rank in the army, concurred in the Senate amendments to the Deficiency Bill, and engaged in debate on Southern war claims.....City news: Wm. M. Tweed died in Ludlow-street jail; ex-Corporation Counsel E. D. Smith also died; Thomas McCamley committed suicide; Alderman Morris' resolution requiring the elevated railroad companies to report why the roads have not been finished upon the uptown districts became a law; William Redmond sent to State-prison for fifteen years for attempted burglary; Samuel L. Mendes got four years..... Peter McManus and Jack O'Neil, Molly Maguires, jailed at Sunbury, Pa., for the murder of F. Hesser.....Bertha Wynn, aged 15, was shot dead by a schoolteacher named Shannon at Myersburg, Ont.....John Shallington, colored, hanged at Snow Hill, N. Y., for the murder of Serena Thompson. A Coroner's jury found that the shooting of Mile. Volante by Mrs. Franklin was unintentional.....James Ward of Niles, O., filed a petition in bankruptcy; liabilities $1,606,000.....Cable news: The Porte issued a circular accepting the treaty of San Stefano; British House of Commons cleared to repress a Home-ruler.....Accident to a freight train at East Boston, Mass.....Mrs. Catherine Keenan died in Brooklyn, L. I., with hydrophobic symptoms, caused by the bite of a cat.....George Hosford, alias Michael Kelly, was sentenced at Baltimore, Md., to three years' imprisonment and fined $1,000 for the manslaughter of Captain Whitney.

*** April 13: C. P. McGimpsey murdered Lossen Weaver, colored, at Asheville, N. C..... Threats of lynching three negroes who assassinated George Schoenberger at Huntsville, Ala..... Banks and merchants in different cities began paying out gold.....Sir John A. McDonald's resolution censuring the Lieut.-governor of Quebec for dismissing his late ministers was discussed during a session of the Canadian Parliament extending over twenty-four hours; proceedings disorderly.....Senate Finance Committee in favor of reissuing legal-tenders when redeemed, and of receiving them for duties.....Fifteen acres of houses, valued with their contents at $500,000, destroyed by fire at Clarksville, Tenn..... House of Representatives voted $5,000 for a monument to Jefferson, and debated the Post-office Appropriation Bill.....At Philadelphia Judge Mitchell overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Blasius Pistorius, the murderer of Isaac Jacquette.....City: Hugh Devlin assaulted and seriously injured Owen Duffy; Maurice Moore shot by Robert Robinson; Sixpenny Harness Association resolved to reinstate the police officials; Union League Club disturbed over the blackballing of a number of candidates for membership, including Secretary Bristow, Charles Waite, the Brokaw Brothers and Thos. Murphy Jr.; gold sold at 100¼.....Per cable: The King of Italy gave a dinner to General Grant; affray between police and students in St. Petersburg—the result of a public demonstration at the acquittal by a St. Petersburg jury of Vera Zasulitch; four English officers killed in South Africa on war; situation in the Transvaal serious; University boat-race won by Oxford..... Fires: Jessup & Laflin's Woronoco Paper Mills at Westfield, Mass.—loss $75,000; Eddy & Rose's liquor-store, Providence, R. I.—loss $26,000; Hemingway's sash-and-blind factory, etc., Lapeer, Mich.—loss $25,000; E. J. Towers' oil-cloth manufactory—loss $10,000.

*** April 14: Fight between a bull and a lion and lioness at San Antonio, Texas.....Guards prevented the lynching of the three negro prisoners at Huntsville, Ala.....John Long, a convict, hung himself in the Maryland Penitentiary.....A tornado blew forty-five cars off the track, caused the death of several persons, and destroyed a number of houses, at Cottonwood, Kansas.....Edward Fredericks, a fireman, killed by an explosion at a fire in Halifax, N. S.....City news: Tweed's life and death commented on in the Senate and British House; Tweed dead in the street; Francis Borne died in hospital from injuries sustained while wrestling with a bear; Justus Schwab the Communist arrested for selling liquor on Sunday..... Daniel Burns dangerously cut by William Reilly at Newark, N. J.....George Gribben shot and killed Daniel Bell at Winnipeg, Manitoba.....S. Angier Chace lodged in jail at Fall River, Mass. .....Cable news: Hurricane and waterspouts caused immense damage in the foreign concession and native city, Canton; the Porte removing valuables, etc., from Constantinople to Scutari; Turkish commanders ordered to resist any attempt to occupy Constantinople.....German Roman Catholic School at Boston, Mass., damaged by fire to the extent of $9,000.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALMONTE, Edward M.—Circus clown. See "Amusement Annals."

ANGELUS, Dr. Cornelius—A well-known physician at Washington, D. C. He was a Democratic leader of note and president of the Jackson Association in 1860. When the Rebellion broke out Dr. Boyle went South, his property being confiscated, and became Provost-marshal-general of the Army of Northern Virginia. After the war he spent some time in Mexico, till he was granted permission to come north of the Potomac, when he returned to Washington and resumed the practice of his profession, in which he held a very high rank—Washington, D. C., April 7; aged 71.

BUNCE, John L.—A highly-esteemed citizen and one of the best known bankers in Connecticut. He was president of the Phœnix National Bank, Hartford, Ct.—there, April 10, aged 76.

BROOKS, Rev. Elbridge G.—A prominent pastor in Philadelphia, Pa. A native of New England, he at first studied law, but, turning to theology, he lived and preached there for many years, and in 1868 came to Philadelphia and assumed the charge of the Universalist Church of the Messiah, which he retained at the time of his death. He wrote several works on theological subjects—that city, April 8, aged 61.

BAKER, William C.—A large manufacturer, and one of the original firm of Cornelius & Baker, who were the first extensive makers of gas fixtures in Philadelphia, Pa. The present concern is known as Baker, Arnold & Co.—that city, April 9, aged 47.

BASIL, Father—One of the priests of the Roman Catholic Order of Passionists. He became Superior of the monastery at Hoboken, N. J., and later at Dunkirk, N. Y. He was a man of ability, and is said to be the first ordained priest of his order who has died since the Passionists established themselves in this country, twenty-six years ago—Hoboken, N. J., April 10, aged 39.

BIGELOW, Geo. Tyler—Formerly Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and a jurist of more than local reputation—Boston, Mass., April 12, aged 68.

COOPER, Capt. W. H.—A well-known patron of coaching in England—there, recently, aged 59.

CUMMINGS, Dr. E. P.—He served during the war as surgeon of the Twenty-third Massachusetts Regiment, and was an active member of the Oddfellows, the Masonic fraternity, and the Grand Army of the Republic—Newburyport, Mass., April 8, aged 45.

CUNNINGHAM, Jos. N.—A civil engineer of prominence, who had been connected with many railroad companies in this country—East Providence, R. I., April 9, aged 68.

DELANY, John—An ex-Supervisor and ex-Charity Commissioner of Kings County, N. Y.—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10, aged 60.

DAVIS, T. Rusling—A dealer of dental surgery —Philadelphia, Pa., April 8.

FARRINGTON, John G.—One of the oldest residents of Harlem, N. Y.—there, April 8, aged 80.

GRANGER, Daniel—He was a widely-known merchant in the West India and lumber trade in early life, and was City-treasurer of Newburyport, Mass., from 1851 to 1870—there, April 8, aged 72.

GILBERT, George Hartley—See "Amusement Annals."

HITCHCOCK, James Roosevelt—Colonel of the Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. He was born at Tomkinsville, Staten Island, March 23, 1841. His services commenced Jan. 7, 1861, when he joined Company F, Seventy-first Regiment, State National Guard. He was with this regiment during the Rebellion whenever it entered the field. On Dec. 14, 1864, and while a member of this regiment, he formed Company B of the Ninth Regiment, and was elected its captain, and remained in command until May 29, 1870, when he was promoted major. After Colonel Fisk's death he was chosen lieutenant-colonel June 4, 1872, and was made the colonel Feb. 1, 1875—this city, April 12, aged 37.

HOWLAND, Captain George—A pensioner of the War of 1812. He was born in Providence, R. I., and was a prominent sea-captain, being in command of vessels that plied between America, China and Africa—Newport, R. I., April 13, aged 82.

JESSIER, Dr. Pierre—An eminent physician and accomplished scholar of Quebec, Canada—there, April 11.

KEIL, Ernst—The founder and editor-in-chief of *The Gartenlaube*, a German illustrated journal—Leipsic, recently, aged 61.

KOLBE, Dietrich W.—A skillful manufacturer of surgical instruments, who was especially ingenious in this particular branch of business—Philadelphia, Pa., April 7, aged 54.

KNEUHALL, Ferdinand B.—A prominent business man and citizen of Newark, N. J. Formerly an Alderman from the Second Ward, that city. At the time of his death he was president of the German Savings-bank and director in an insurance company, and was well known in Masonic and Odd Fellow circles. He was a native of Tegnitz, Thuringia—Newark, N. J., April 12, aged 60.

LAMBERSON, John G.—A lawyer of this city. He was a native of Jamaica, Long Island, where he was well known for a long time. He held different positions of trust, and was District-attorney of Queens County for a period of from twelve to fifteen years—this city, April 10, aged 63.

LESHER, Henry H.—A prominent citizen of Lebanon, Pa.—there, April 13.

LEX, Andrew—A well-known Philadelphia butcher—there, April 5, aged 68.

MCHUGH, Chas. P.—A young lawyer of Philadelphia, Pa., who had gained an honorable standing at the bar—that city, April 8, aged 31.

MURAT, Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles Joseph Francois—He was the second son of Joachim Murat and Caroline, third sister of the First Napoleon. Was born at Milan, May 10, 1803. His father rose to be one of Bonaparte's most trusted generals and the husband of his sister, and in 1808 was made King of Naples. The son, who was at this time five years old, was educated at Naples, whence, after his father's execution in 1815, he fled with his mother to Trieste. Afterwards he lived in Venice, and in 1824 sailed for this country to join his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, and his elder brother, Achille. The vessel on which he embarked was wrecked on the coast of Spain, and he was taken and imprisoned. Recovering his liberty, he came to the United States, and in 1827 he married Caroline Georgina Fraser, who for several years supported herself and him by keeping a boarding-school. The Revolution of 1848 promised him freedom and recognition, and he at once embarked for France. He accepted without reserve the policy of Louis Napoleon, and in October, 1849, was sent as French Ambassador to Turin. In 1850 he was chosen colonel of the Second Legion of the National Guard. In 1852 he was made a Senator, and in 1853 obtained the title of Prince. In 1855 and 1860 he is supposed to have made pretensions to the throne of the Two Sicilies, in which a Liberal Italian party was to support him. In 1860 he publicly disclaimed any such purpose, doubtless at the express wish of Napoleon III. He served as an officer in the Franco-Prussian War, was with Marshal Bazaine when he surrendered Metz, and was made a prisoner—London, Eng., April 11, aged 75.

MARSHALL, John G.—An ex-State Representative of Ohio. He held the rank of colonel during the late war, and was a prominent member of the legal fraternity in Southern Ohio—Georgetown, O., April 14.

OWENS, Col. J. E.—Proprietor of the Markham House, Atlanta, Ga.—that city, April 12.

PUTNAM, Rev. Geo.—One of the most prominent Unitarian clergymen of Boston, Mass.—there, April 11.

PAINTER, Dr. J. E.—Of the United States Navy —Nagasaki, Japan, recently.

PARDEE, Chas.—A wealthy banker of Skaneateles—Syracuse, N. Y., by suicide, April 9, aged 75.

RYAN, Wm. H.—A stock and bill broker, and formerly a well-known dry-goods dealer of Baltimore, Md., where he was a prominent member of the Baptist Church—that city, April 6, aged 68.

RANDALL, Jos. S.—A well-known real-estate agent in Philadelphia, Pa.—that city, April 13, aged 75.

SUBERS, James—He was at one time conspicuous in politics upon the Republican side. He was for one term a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and a member of the Philadelphia Common Council from the Fourteenth Ward in 1875–76—there, April 13, aged 50.

SHEPPARD, Caleb—A prominent citizen of Cambridge, Mass.—there, April 5,

78.

P.; Powers, c.; Bradley, 1st b. and c. p.; Barnes, 2d b.; Doscher, 3d b.; Burke, s. s.; Hornung, l. f.; Hall, c. f.; Smith, r. f.; Dunnigan, 2d b. and c. c.

THE LOWELL (MASS.) CLUB.—The Lowells opened the season on Fast Day, April 11, before an assemblage of twelve hundred people. The team was divided, five of the "regulars" playing on a side, the other positions being filled by strong local players. Foley and Sullivan had charge of one nine, while Powell and Knight looked after the other. The game was uninteresting, as the boys made a poor showing in the field; but at the bat they did well, their hitting being very free, and several long drives to the outfield pleased the spectators immensely. Booth is troubled a little with a lame knee, and Hawes has a touch of rheumatism in one of his ankles which interferes with his speed and throwing a little; but the team will get down to work in the course of a week, and will then show to better advantage. On April 24 an entertainment for the benefit of the club is to be given. The attractions will be "A Trial by Jury" and "Fra Diavolo."

DECLINES TO SERVE.—One of the International umpires writes as follows:

LOWELL, MASS., April 12, 1878.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I have noticed in the papers, for the past week the list of International umpires, THE CLIPPER of last week having some of the clubs' lists, and having a correspondence from Lowell which gives the following: J. J. Eagan, H. E. Webster and A. F. Stimson as the Lowell umpires. Now you would do me, as well as all International clubs, a great favor by stating in your next issue that I positively decline to serve.

Truly yours, ARTHUR F. SALMON.

ATHLETIC.

ANOTHER GREAT WALKING CONTEST
Best on Record from 26 to 50 Miles.

The sporting carnival promoted by Benj. Hyams and J. Jones, who offered liberal prizes for a series of events, was held at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., March 30, April 1, 2. The principal feature was a fifty-mile walk, for prizes of £70 to first, £15 to second, £10 to third, and £5 to fourth, for which were entered a number of the most celebrated English pedestrians. It was decided on the 30th inst., and our foreign files, just to hand, bring intelligence of another wonderful performance by the winner, William Howes, the little phenomenon who a short time previously accomplished such wonders in a twenty-six hours' competition at the same place. We reproduce *The Sporting Life's* account of the contest:

In all fourteen men came to the post, viz.: H. Thatcher, O. Hancock, W. Howes, A. Hancock, A. Clark, J. Miles, M. Myers, W. Corkey, W. Perkins, J. Barnes, J. McLeavy, Courtney and W. Bolding. The absentees were George Ide, H. Vaughan, Peter Crossland, W. Brown, George Parry, Harrison and J. Stokes. A glance at the names at once shows that no one had a chance to win the first prize but Howes and Arthur Hancock, for Perkins looked very big and Clark stale. The only outsider fancied was Thatcher, and he did not appear fit. Indeed, the only one who had trained specially for the event was Howes, who had been taking his breathings at his native place (Norwich), under the watchful eye of Bob Burns, a well-known "bung" of the Norfolk city. There was very little betting, but prior to the start 6 to 4 was made on Hancock, 2 to 1 on Stevens against the field, and subsequently 6 to 4 was laid on him. In regard to the arrangements, they were similar to those in force at the great competitions. Twelve laps had been taken in laying down the track (four laps to the mile) to insure its being in good condition, and there was a band to enliven the proceedings. Things, however, did not wear a very cheerful aspect at the time appointed for the start, as the weather was wretchedly dull, and the thin fringe of spectators that lined the outer barriers looked perished with cold, the majority having had to trudge through slush and a blinding fog to make a passage way to the hall. Later, however, the weather cleared up, and as the afternoon wore on the number of spectators increased. About twenty minutes to three the men assembled, and after being ticketed with figures corresponding with their numbers on the card, they formed up in a cluster opposite the stand for the start, the signal being given at exactly the quarter o'clock. Perkins dashed off with the lead, followed by Clark, Howes, and Arthur Hancock. For the first mile the pace was very hot, the four leaders walking in close company, spurting against each other, thus early trying "cutting down" tactics. From the outset it was evident that Clark had only started to serve the interests of the favorite, and the pace Perkins was taking them along was a burster. In the first half hour, Perkins, Clark, and Howes completed about 3¾ miles and 200 yards, the trio being about 180 yards in advance of Miles and A. and O. Hancock. One hour from the start there was no difference in the position of the leaders, except that O. Hancock had crept up into fourth place. Miles going on next, in front of Arthur Hancock and Thatcher, going well, the rest already out of the hunt. Shortly afterwards Perkins and Clark began to fall astern, and O. Hancock took second place, followed by Thatcher and A. Hancock, the latter, walking well, being himself at the finish of the ninth mile (completed by Howes in 1h. 15m. 20s.) a lap and three-quarters behind. Instead of trying to improve his position, Arthur Hancock allowed Howes to pass still further ahead, and finally, when the former was two laps behind, the pair commenced to race in earnest. Hancock stuck doggedly at Howes' heels, O. Hancock racing in front of them occasionally, and, despite the most strenuous efforts, Howes failed to get away, and after several spurts when opposite the Barford entrance, he made a full stop, as also did Arthur Hancock, and the calling up time for 20 miles. An appeal was made by Howes' attendant that A. Hancock had trod upon his heels, but Howes merely said that Hancock by treading so closely in his footsteps was driving his shoes with dirt, and after a few seconds they resumed walking, Hancock going on in front. However, they were soon together again, spurting against each other and the leaders, as before. Twenty miles were run, Howes rushed to the front, and from this point to the finish there was little or no change in their positions. Both were traveling at wonderful speed, and it seemed certain that one or the other left on the track would be beaten, as they were only traveling slowly, while Perkins (who for an hour had only been going at a shall's pace) and Clark had retired. Owing to Hancock's shoes having got out of shape, he also finally stopped in the last lap of his 21st mile. Thatcher left the track to change his shoes, after finishing his 25th mile. Meanwhile Miles crept up into third place, followed by Bolding, who was only traveling slowly a long way behind the leaders. The half journey was completed by Howes in 3 hours and 44min., two laps in front of Hancock. From this point to the finish no change took place, except that Thatcher, upon resuming walking, soon caught the veteran Miles, who, after a determined but ineffectual spurt, put his hands down, and took matters easily, as also did Thatcher, seeing that he had no chance of overhauling the leaders. The excitement now to the finish was intense, and the race between Hancock and Howes a most severe one—the latter evidently not to lose an inch of the ground he had gained, and the former equally determined to try and reduce Howes' lead. Howes finished his twenty-sixth mile in 3 hours 54min. 18sec. Hancock, who still took laps behind, and from this point to the finish not more than fifty yards separated them. In the last five miles Hancock put on some wonderful spurts, which were gamely answered by Howes, and it was not until the latter was within fifty yards of the winning-post that he allowed Hancock to get away at all, finally winning the race and the championship by a lap (220 yards) and 170 yards amidst the greatest excitement. Upon arriving at the winning-post Howes inquired if he had won, and, being answered by the referees in the affirmative, was shouldered and carried off in triumph to his dressing room; meanwhile Hancock went on, and finished 11th. Time, two miles, 15m. 58s.; three miles, 24m. 7s.

Half-mile run.—H. H. Moritz, first; C. Fabregou, second. The men were bunched until the final lap, when Fabregon's effort carried him in front, but a grand burst by Moritz, a dozen yards from the tape, enabled the latter to win by a foot. Time, 2m 35s.

The sports concluded with a tug-of-war between teams selected and captained respectively by M. P. More and E. Arnold, the latter winning two straight pulls.

ENNIS TO TRY AGAIN.

Not discouraged by reason of his previous failure, John Ennis will this week make another attempt to do 400 miles in a given number of hours, as will be seen by the appended communication from our Buffalo, N. Y., correspondent:

EDITOR CLIPPER.—Ennis' friends in this city, cognizant of the difficulties under which he labored on his last 400 miles in 128 hours effort, have tendered him a complimentary benefit. One hundred and four bona fide names were signed to the letter, each and every one pledging himself to buy a season ticket. Many of the drawbacks heretofore existing have been overcome; the rink has been repaired and does not leak now. Ennis starts on Monday, April 15, at 5 P. M., to try to do 400 miles in 128 hours—the first 100 miles in 24 hours or less.

ROSS CHALLENGES LYNCH.—Duncan C. Ross, the celebrated Canadian athlete, has deposited $50 with the editor of *The Sporting Times*, Toronto, Ont., in support of a challenge to Thomas Lynch of this city, with whom he had some correspondence last Fall. Ross offers to give him a chance at the following competitions: Putting light and heavy stone, 14lb and 22lb; throwing light and heavy hammer, 12lb and 16lb, exclusive of handle; throwing 56lb from the side putting 16lb from the shoulder; running high jump, standing broad jump, 100-yds. foot race. The winner to gain five out of nine of the aforesaid competitions. The match to be for $250 or $500 a side. The place for competition to be either Toronto or Hamilton, Ont. This challenge will only be open for one month from date hereof, as Ross intends leaving for Australia next Summer. Should Lynch not accept this challenge, R is open to any man in the United States or Canada.

HARRIMAN FAILS AGAIN.—On Fast Day, April 11, C. A. Harriman of Haverhill, Mass., attempted at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., to beat Daniel O'Leary's 100-mile record. According to the report of those in charge of affairs in the hall (which, by the way, is no place to attempt such a performance), he started at 4 A. M., making his first mile in 7m. 14s.; 10 miles in 1h. 45m.; 20 miles in 3h. 58m.; 30 miles in 6h. 20m. 40s.; 40 miles in 7h. 29m. 4s.; 50 miles in 9h. 32m. 42s.; 60 miles in 11h. 33m. 58s.; and 70 miles in 13h. 28m. 58s. His strength then began to fail, and, after losing time rapidly, at the end of the 90th mile, which he finished in 17h. 26m. 45s., he gave up and retired from the course. His fastest time, which was 10-17, was made on the ninth mile, and the slowest 18m., on the 90th mile. He was thoroughly used up at the close of the effort.

JOHN LIND, aged twenty, and a novice, is reported to have walked ten miles in 1h. 46m. 35s., in a hall at New Brunswick, N. J., April 13. He had undertaken to walk the distance in two hours.

THE EXPOSITION BUILDING in Memphis, Tenn., is now used as a roller-skating rink.

O'LEARY'S LONDON VICTORY.

To complete the report of the late competition in the British metropolis, we present herewith *The Sporting Life's* account of the last day's work: "At one o'clock A. M. O'Leary (457 miles ¾ lap) and Vaughan (441) were both resting. Two hours later Vaughan had crept a little bit closer, O'Leary's figures being unaltered, while the Osterian had totaled 443 miles 3 laps. O'Leary got to work again soon after 3, the score standing at 4 A. M.—O'Leary, 460.3¾; Vaughan, 445; Brown (having a sleep), 419; Ide, 399.3, walking hard. O'Leary's lead was a good 17 miles at five, and a little over 18 at six, O'Leary's full distance being 468.1; Vaughan, 449.5; "Blower," 425.5; Ide, 364. Soon after completing his 455th mile Vaughan left the track, and as he did not show again till 9.9, O'Leary, who was very busy during his absence, had got 26 miles and 3 laps to the good at three minutes past nine; O'Leary, 479.3; Vaughan, 455. By ten o'clock the American's advantage had been slightly decreased—Vaughan, 459 miles 7¾ laps; O'Leary, 483 miles 3¾ laps—but it was pretty clear that if O'Leary, who looked haggard, and was very lame, could keep going at all, Vaughan could not catch him; nevertheless, the doughty Cestrian tried what he could, and, as O'Leary appeared likely to collapse altogether at any moment, his friends must have felt considerable doubts as to the result of the contest. Gradually gaining, Vaughan, from being 24 miles 3 laps behind at nine, and 22.3 at eleven, was at noon 21 miles and about 3 laps, thus having reduced by 3 miles in three hours the balance against him. Some hopes of a close finish were raised by the way in which the American's lead was being decreased, but when the Englishman wanted one lap of 470 miles he was so unwell that he had to make his way to the huts, and remained absent for 51min. By the time that he once more got under weigh his antagonist held a clear 24 miles lead, and, though progressing slowly—painfully slowly—kept moving. There were now left only some nine hours, so that, supposing O'Leary to get along at the rate of only a mile and a half per hour, Vaughan, if able to cover 36 miles in this time, would then be beaten. Win or lose, however, it was not in the nature of Vaughan to do anything short of his very best, and, weary, footsore, and unwell as he was, he ran some laps, walked others, and tried his very best to improve his position, cost what the effort might. At two o'clock O'Leary had completed 497 miles, Vaughan 473.2. An hour later, O'Leary (501) was exactly 23 miles in front of Vaughan (478). The telegraph showed at four—O'Leary, 506; Vaughan, 482.3; Brown, 456.2; Ide, 392.4; and at five—O'Leary, 518; Vaughan, 486.6; Brown, 481; Ide, 396.1. Vaughan got within 20 miles and 2 laps of O'Leary at six o'clock. By seven he was 497.4 to 516.3, and at 7h. 32m. 40s. completed his 500th mile. Great cheering greeted the hoisting of the figures, and all the way round for the last lap Vaughan was enthusiastically applauded. He left the track at once, but O'Leary persevered till 8h. 9m. 10s., when he had compassed 520 miles and two laps, or just a quarter of a mile more than in his great match with Weston. A little more work was done, but at 8h. 33m. the track was deserted, and Brown was third with 477.3, and could apparently have gone on at his own pace for another week; his face looked as bright and cheerful as if he had just come out to stretch his legs. George Ide with 425.4 was fourth, a hard-earned position; Joseph Dion, 364; Charles, 335.2; Lewis, 270; McCarty, 264.2; McLeavy, 220.6; Gregory, 231.3; Groves, 220.2; G. Johnson, 205; W. Smith, 194; S. R. Johnson, 192; Smythe, 176; Bailey, 170; Hart, 98; Hazael, 50. The judges were Messrs. W. Atkinson and C. Conquest, assisted by Captain Webb. Timekeepers: R. Watson, W. H. Mounsey, C. Mather, C. Westhead, H. Green, C. Vandy, Brook, S. Ashbrook, Jewell, H. Griffin, F. Stamos, F. Richardson, Eldridge, Conquest Jr., A. and J. William, Stead, Searle, Wood and Dobson. Lap-scorers: W. Webster, A. Luff, H. Hoare, W. White, J. Ridle and H. Miller. Scorers: F. Bennett, F. Sheppard, G. Lee, B. Meadows, J. Ballam, C. Bell, H. Ellison, P. Crossland, James Lever, G. Jarrad, G. Kirsch, H. Andrews, Shaw, Hackett, H. Parker, J. Parker and M. Myers."

O'LEARY'S CHALLENGERS.

In *The Life* containing the above also appears the following: "On Friday night last, at the Agricultural Hall, Wessex experienced his wildest dream to make a match for O'Leary (each to make the best of his way for six days and six nights), and Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., M. P., expressed his willingness to post £200 on behalf of Weston, the conditions to be similar to those in force in their last memorable match. Weston stipulates that each must have a separate track, to be laid down according to his own directions, and subject to the approval of O'Leary and his friends; others, that the match be fixed to take place during the Easter week. Any money deposited by O'Leary, Sir John Astley will cover for Weston, and the match can be ratified at once. Howes also has challenged the champion for a similar sum, and Vaughan and "Blower" Brown, not satisfied with the result of the recent competition, are anxious for a meeting. Should this take place, we hear, only six days' spin with O'Leary for a good round sum. Thus, our stout-hearted Hiberno-American will not be allowed to rest long on his well-earned laurels. With five challengers in the field, the better plan would be to form a handicap sweep (each to put down £100), in accordance with the conditions under which the belt is held, the winner to take the left and the whole of the remainder, after money paid, the gate receipts; the rest to be divided among the competitors, as may be arranged beforehand."

To the challenge above alluded to O'Leary published the following response in the *London Sportsman* of March 30:

Sir: In reference to the various challenges inserted during the past few days in your journal, permit me to say that I am prepared to defend my route still further, and therefore, be happy to meet any person desirous of making arrangements for a match with me, at the office of *The Sportsman*, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday next, April 1, said match to take place in the city of Chicago, at a time to be hereafter agreed upon, said time to be within the prescribed limits. Yours respectfully, DANIEL O'LEARY.

At the time the above answer was returned the right of O'Leary to take the belt out of England, or demand that it should be walked for elsewhere, was called in question, but on this point (inquiry, dated April 3 (published last week) stated that the trustees of the trophy had decided that the American has the right to do so. It is not probable, however, that any of the challenges will cross the ocean in contest for the belt; but should any Englishman have the pluck to do so, he may be assured of receiving a hearty welcome, and need not fear being subjected to anything assimilating to ungentlemanly conduct during the walk. The belt, which, bulky gate receipts may be depended upon in the event of so interesting an international event taking place —especially if it be held in the metropolis, a locale which would doubtless be more to the liking of a foreign than the home of the champion, who personally can scarcely entertain any objection to such an arrangement.

A CUSTOMER FOR ENNIS.—On Friday, April 12, we received a dispatch signed by Charles E. Davies of Chicago, Ill., reading thus: "FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR CLIPPER.—Telegraph you fifty dollars to-morrow to cover Ennis' forfeit to walk six days, Buffalo, $250 a side; winner to take all gate." On the 13th the money was received, but nothing further; so that we do not know who the man is whom Davies has in his employ as a customer for Ennis. It may be that Davies, or his representative, has gone to Buffalo to meet the challenger personally, for the purpose of arranging the match. On the 15th we were also informed by W. Perkins that Mr. McCloud has agreed to back him against Ennis in a bona-fide match, but no money has been put up on it. Ennis has entered for the 26-hour walk May 10, 11.

THE EMPIRE GYMNASIUM is the name by which is now known what was formerly the Gymnasium of the Police Athletic Club, on East Thirty-fourth street, the stock and fixtures of the defunct organization having been purchased at a bargain by a well-known athlete, who had taken an active part in its affairs. It is proposed to conduct the new institution (which is in the hands of James McCarthy of the Friendship Boat Club) on a democratic plan, the charge for membership being fixed at the nominal sum of $1 per month, for which it entitles the payer to the use of the "furniture" in the gymnasium. The membership list is already quite large, and prospects are bright. As soon as circumstances warrant, an instructor will be secured.

JAMES L. DOWNEY, a young man whose ambition is—or rather was—to outdo all other long-distance pedestrians, last week undertook to walk 400 miles in 100 hours, at Central Park Garden, thereby. This is a task quite difficult enough for the best-tried walker to attempt, and as was to have been expected in the case of one inexperienced at the business, proved a very great deal too much for Downey to accomplish. He began at 9 P. M. April 9 at 7 to 4 on, and the trial at 10.11 P. M. April 12, having walked but 162 miles 5⅝ laps (twenty-two to the mile). Several amateur and professional pedestrians walked with Downey at times.

THE NEW YORK LYCEUM GAMES will take place on their grounds at Yonkers, N. Y., May 30 (Decoration Day), at 2.30 P. M. The programme embraces the following events: Running broad jump, 100yds. schoolboys' race, mile walk (open), 100yds. race (open), tug-of-war, teams of six men, two substitutes allowed; half-mile run, pole-vaulting, one-mile walk (open), fat-men's walk (half-mile), and 440yds. run. Entrance fee, 25 cents (not returnable) for each game. Entries may be made to J. F. Thompson, secretary, Box 438, Yonkers.

MCQUADE'S HANDBALL COURT, 404 Madison street, was the scene of a four-handed contest, best two in three games, Landy and Lenihan against McCarthy and Connor, April 13. The former pair took the first and third games. On the same day, and at the same place, the first six of a series of thirteen games of racket were contested, James Keating and Oscar S. Manning being opposed to John Manix and Harvey McQuade. The former named couple won all but the fourth game. The remaining seven games are to be played at the Hoboken Court on the 20th inst.

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS employed by the Western Union Company engaged in a series of athletic sports at the West Side Driving Park, Jersey City, N. J., April 12. In one-mile walk, with a dozen entries, was won by J. M. Foster (1m. 40s. start); time, 9m. 12s. Standing wide jump—John Donahue, 8ft. 10in.; Donahue also won the standing and the running hop, step and jump, doing 25ft. 1in. in the former, and 35ft. 10½in. in the latter. D. B. Mitchell found 11s. fast enough to win the 100-yard dash.

THE MANAGER of the approaching amateur walk at the Rink has concluded to give the gold medal to the amateur who shall walk the greatest distance in twenty-four hours. A special track will be prepared for the use of the contestants. The professional prizes will be $75 to first and $200 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third, $25 to the contestant who beat the best American 50-mile record, and a like amount to the one beating the best American 100-mile record.

JOHNNY HUGHES, Harry Hill's Unknown, is advertised to commence his attempt to beat O'Leary's performance in the recent six days' competition in London, Eng., at Central Park Garden, seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street, on Easter Sunday, April 21, at 8 o'clock P. M. The whole of the money will, we are informed, be posted with a contemporary on Friday, April 19, the stakeholder to appoint judges, timekeepers, etc.

FRANCIS BOONE, alias John Boulanger, a Frenchman who was formerly bartender for Bauer & Regnier, in Prince street, this city, and who has traveled with Fred Engle, Hanlon's Pantomime Troupe, died in this city at 11 A. M. April 13, from the effects of a rupture and other internal injuries received in a wrestling contest with the bear Lena, in Troy, N. Y., a few weeks ago.

CHARLEY MURPHY and Wm. Barry, champion of Canada, have, we hear, been matched to wrestle in mixed fashion—one fall collar-and-elbow, one fall Greco-Roman and one fall Catch-as-catch-can style, with use of legs for tripping—for $150 a side, at the Academy of Music, Lynn, Mass., on Monday evening, April 22.

NOAH MAKINSON AND J. HALLIWELL'S All-American 120-yard handicap will be run at the inclosed ground, Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, on April 25, commencing at 11 A. M. Prizes—$30 to first, $15 to second, $8 to third. Entrance, 50 cents, to be made not later than April 17.

HANDBALL play of a superior order was witnessed at Courtney's Court, Brooklyn, April 13, William Courtney defeating James McEvoy three games out of four by scores of 21 to 17, 21 to 19, and 21 to 4. The return series will be played April 27 at Dean's Court.

BILL ADSETTS, whom some of the Philadelphia papers are in a hurry to call "Old Bill," expresses a desire to run Charley Miller 100 or 120 yards, level; to give W. Barnes one yard in 100, or take a yard from Oscar Miller; stakes to be $50 or $100 a side.

AT THE CAMBRIDGE U. A. C. SPORTS, Eng., March 30, E. Baddeley covered 22lb. 4½in. in the long jump, S. Palmer being second with 21ft. 3½in. Baddeley's preliminary jumps resulted respectively in 21ft. 7¾in., 22ft. 5½in., 21ft. 11in. and 22ft. 3in.

J. GIBB ran ten miles in 55m. 34s. on a rather heavy track, at the London A. C. meeting March 30. This is not much slower than his fastest on record time for the distance, and shows him to be in capital form.

AN AMATEUR ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT will take place at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Wednesday evening, April 24; games to consist of walking, running and bicycle-racing, and high-jumping.

HENRY SCHNERR AND BARTLETT of Cincinnati, O., are announced to walk a match at the Highland House (Ivy Hill) this week, Schnerr undertaking to do 400 miles before Bartlett finishes 275.

MONEY RETURNED.—The time having expired for which his challenge was left open, we notify C. A. Harriman's backer that we will to-day, April 16, return to his address the $250 placed in our hands some weeks ago.

W. E. HARDING AND CHRISTOPHER RICK decided their 50-mile walk at Town Hall, Rutland, Vt., April 10, Harding being credited with doing the distance in 9h. 2m. 23s., Rick falling out after covering less than 41 miles.

A FOOT-BALL MATCH between the Fordham Club and the New York Latin School was played on the Polo Grounds, Westchester, April 13, the latter team winning by a score of two goals to none.

H. BARNETT DEFEATED J. KRUMPT in a 300-yard race for a "feed" at the N. Y. A. C. grounds April 7. Won by twenty-five yards.

THE STATE COCKING MAIN between Georgia and North Carolina was fought at Charlotte, N. C., last week. The conditions were $500 a battle and $5,000 the odd, and the fighting continued without interruption from 10.30 A. M., April 10, until 3 A. M., 11th. North Carolina won the first, second, fourth, sixth, tenth and thirteenth battles, while the third, fifth, seventh, eighth, ninth, eleventh, twelfth and fourteenth were scored by the Georgians, who returned home laden with the spoils of the Tar State cocking fanciers.

A COCKING MAIN, Tennessee vs. Arkansas, came off at Humboldt Park, Memphis, Tenn., April 10, 11. Tennessee won four out of seven matches the first day, and Arkansas five out of eight on the second day, thereby gaining the victory by one battle. The fighting was very spirited, and each match hotly contested. Considerable money changed hands on the result.

PROF. CARTIER is to commence at 9 A. M. to-day, April 16, and attempt to walk sixteen hours without resting, and with ladies only, at Tammany Hall, this city. To render the affair less monotonous prizes of $15 and $5 will be given to the two longest walkers in a tournament open to all, entrance $1.

BILLIARDS.

THE SIXTEEN-BALL GAME.
The Championship of Pool—The Swede and Cyrille Dion Even.

The tournament for the championship of fifteen-ball pool was begun on Monday night, April 8, at the rooms of John D. and Joseph O'Connor, in Union square, this city. The entire upper floor has been virtually given over to the "Knights of Pool;" and as an admission-fee is charged, and as the competition is for prizes, the games constitute a record. In this respect this tournament differs from the many minor pool ones that have for years been held all over the country. In the latter there was likewise competition for prizes, but the contestants were mainly amateurs, and the games were not played "in public" within the meaning of that technicality. In the present tournament all the contestants are unmistakable professionals save one, whose status, like that of many a fine player of orthodox billiards claiming to be an "amateur," is at least a little doubtful. But of the ten who are contending for the gold badge emblematic of the pool championship, only five are fifteen-ball players, viz., Gottlieb Wahlstrom, Samuel Knight, Cyrille Dion, J. M. Warble and Clark E. Wilson. It should rather be stated that Wilson used to be a fifteen-ball player, for, as we remarked many months ago, he has "lost his grip," which was strongest on a 5½x11 table, and we do not think he will ever recover it. Sexton makes no pretense to being a player of any kind of pool, and he is a participant in this affair only to oblige his friend John D. O'Connor, his presence, as a great billiard-player, giving the tourney a weight that it might otherwise lack. Slosson is also in the tourney merely to fill up, as he, like Sexton, does not affect the "belligerent" kind of billiards. Rudolphe and Joseph Dion pretend to play almost every billiard game under the sun, but at fifteen-ball pool their performances are not equal to their accomplishments of the 'forties, when the former player of ball-pool, while at pinpool Rudolphe can show him his ball and beat him easily. With great luck to aid them, either is a sufficient master of ball-pool to worry even a Wahlstrom, and it may be said that Fred Lee, one of the functions of Samuel Knight and Joseph Dion in this tournament has been to worry the Swede. Wahlstrom is the only man who, to secure first prize, must win at least every one of his games but one, and he cannot afford to lose even that one unless it will cause him to tie his leading rival. The winning of first prize by the Swede will be more than conclusive as to his being the best player of fifteen. It will indicate that he "lays way over" every other competitor.

When this tournament was broached, which was at the same time that was rumored that Wahlstrom had challenged Cyrille Dion against Wahlstrom in a single-handed match, it was remarked in these columns that "while it is by no means clear that Dion would have any the best of it in a match with Wahlstrom, he must win at least every one of his games but one, and he cannot afford to lose even that one unless it will cause him to tie his leading rival. The winning of first prize by the Swede will be more than conclusive as to his being the best player of fifteen. It will indicate that he "lays way over" every other competitor.

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Appended is the summary of the games played up to the close of Monday afternoon, April 15:

	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	Balls made.	Balls missed.	Average.	Largest run.	Score.	Score to win.	Unfinished game.
Wahlstrom	7	7	0	1,400	200	200	200	700	700	0
Rudolphe	7	5	2	1,400	200	200	200	700	700	0
J. Dion	7	4	3	1,400	200	200	200	700	700	0
Knight	7	3	4	1,400	200	200	200	700	700	0
Warble	7	3	4	1,400	200	200	200	700	700	0
Knight	4	1	3	800	200	200	200	400	400	0
Wilson	4	1	3	800	200	200	200	400	400	0
Sexton	4	0	4	800	200	200	200	400	400	0
Slosson	4	0	4	800	200	200	200	400	400	0
Frey	1	0	1	200	200	200	200	200	400	0
Games lost			0	4	3	0	2	1	4	4	2

Cyrille Dion appears from the foregoing table to be ahead, but he is so only in the sense that he has played five games to Wahlstrom's four. He has one advantage, however, and that is in having scored a tally from Knight, to which all likelihood will prove to be the Swede's toughest customer.

The first contest on Monday afternoon was between Wilson and Frey, but it did not begin until 2.30 P. M.; and as it was so tedious as not to be finished until six o'clock, the most important match between Rudolphe and Slosson had really to be played at night, instead of in the afternoon. At one time during the eleventh game between Slow and Frey, ten minutes were wasted by both childishly playing "tip and touch" for safety, when either might have "belled" the seven ball by pushing directly against it. It was Frey who abandoned "safety" last, and that particular game was scored by Wilson, who won the match eventually by 11 games to 10. The tediousness of many of the games is to be explained by the fact that the players have to call by its number the ball they propose to pocket. The match between Rudolphe and Slosson, which was not finished until 7:40 on Monday night, was won by Slosson, by a score of 11 to 7, and was played with ten entries; one of the contestants, Slosson, having five rounds at each. Fifteen shot, A. W. Howland winning, after shooting off a tie on 6 with A. H. Hebbard and H. Tyler.

SEXTON AND THE SWEDE.—After the game between Sexton and Wahlstrom on the pool tournament, Jan. Saturday afternoon, Wahlstrom challenged the former for a small stake, offering to give him the long odds of six games out of eleven. The Swede was clearly overconfident. Bad pool-player as he is, Sexton thought he would "Clame the Jew down once." The result was that he won almost as many games as his opponent, the score standing 11 to 6. That Wahlstrom, with ale and beverages to match, proved by a delightful in the head as with heavy in the hand, is apparent from his side-wager, which he lost, that he would win five games before Sexton could win two.

THE TRUE SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE AND LAFAYETTE, Ind., April 10. TO CHAS. E. CARNEY, Treas. of the Indiana Billiard Association—*Dear Sir:* I hereby accept Mr. Harry Bussey's challenge to play me a match of billiards for $150 a side and the championship of the State of Indiana, the game to be played on a J. M. Brunswick, Blake & Co. table at Lafayette, Ind., Thursday, May 23, 1878.

Signed) ROBERT J. BYERS, Champion of the State.

The necessary amount of forfeit money ($50) accompanies this acceptance.

CHAS. E. CARNEY.

PARKER VS. RHINES.—At the showrooms of Brunswick & Balke, Chicago, on April 10, Frank Parker and Henry Rhines played a match announced as being for $200 a side and the championship of Illinois. It was a three-ball game, 500 points up, on a 5x10 Brunswick & Balke table, and Parker won it by 51, his best run being 65, and his average 36-101. The best run by Rhines was 35.

"YANKEE ADAMS."—The expert aged 16 is to exhibit at the Atlantic Hotel, Bridgeport, Ct., and on the 18th he will play at the Opera-house, South Norwalk, under Fred Knapp's management. If both places be well-have the cognomen of William Sexton. The latter has fulfilled his obligations to the management of the pool tournament, he and Adams will appear professionally in Boston.

OBITUARY.—Jules Romain Fiot, an amateur billiardplayer of Philadelphia, died in that city on April 5, in his seventy-fourth year. He was familiarly spoken of as "Old Father Fiot."

SCHAEFER'S LONG RUNS AND "THE NEW GAME."—In our next issue we shall have something to say on these twin subjects, in view of the pending attempt to make one the consequence of the other.

FRANK P. MAHAFFY, manager of "The American Team," is confined to his bed with malaria. It is to be hoped that he will speedily be up and doing again.

THE TRIGGER.

COMPETITIONS AT CREEDMOOR.

The programme of rifle contests at Creedmoor issued by the National Association for the present month includes the following:

Wednesday, April 17.—At 1.30 P. M., the sixth competition for a Ballard mid-range rifle; fifteen shots at 200 yards, no cleaning or sighting shots; to be shot standing with any rifle; prize to be won by the member obtaining the property of the winner; entrance, fifty cents. At 3 P. M., first competition for the Appleton prize, a set of the "American Cyclopædia," seven shots and two sighting shots at 200 yards; for members, as may be agreed upon twice to become personal property; entrance, fifty cents.

Saturday, April 20.—At 11.30 A. M., fourth competition for the "Remington prize," $50 in gold; for all comers using any Remington breech-loader within rules, with Remington factory ammunition; twenty rounds each at 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; any position without artificial rest; to be won three times; no prize to be held with less than ten entries; entrance, $2. At 3 P. M., third competition for the Skirmishers' Badge; open to members of the National Rifle Association and members of the National Guard of any State, in uniform; weapon, the military rifle of the regular army and navy and of the militia of any State; distances, 200 and 500yds.; to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner; entrance, fifty cents.

Wednesday, April 24.—At 1.30 P. M., first competition for the Waters long-range prize of $50 in gold, open to all members of the Brooklyn Rifle Club; distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards with any rifle, from any position, to be won twice before becoming personal property; entrance, $1. Fourth competition for the Wylie Badge, for members of the National Rifle Association and the National Guard of State of New York, with any military rifle; seven rounds, standing, at 300 and 500 yards ranges; the badge to be won three times before becoming personal property; entrance, fifty cents. First competition for a Remington long-range rifle, valued at $125, presented by *The National Guardsman*, open to members of the National Guard of any State; seven shots each at 800 and 900 yards range; weapon, the military rifle of the organization to which each competitor belongs; to be won three times.

SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.

The April programme of rifle competitions at Creedmoor, L. I., commenced on Saturday, April 13, when three contests took place. There was an extensive muster of riflemen, and the shooting was very fair, considering the strong west wind which prevailed. The principal competition was the eighth for the Sharpe prize, $250 in gold, open to all, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., fifteen shots at each range; highest possible score, 225 points. Result: Frank Hyde, 62, 68, 59—189; J. L. Allen, 64, 57, 63—184; Homer Fisher, 58, 61, 52—171; B. G. Doughty, 59, 57, —116; Thos. Lamb, 56, 57, —113; J. P. Waters, 50, 60, 46—156; R. Rathbone, 54, 61, 35—150; F. S. Sanders, 46, 54, 43—143; N. D. Ward, 47, 44, 43—134; E. H. Sandford, 43, 52, 38—128. The next was the seventh competition for the Hilton Badge, for members of the

THE NEW YORK STAGE:

Wherein the Muse Amuses Herself by Singing of Amusements.

Canto the Fourth—Comedy.

I.

Bright Comedy, so full of winsome grace
(I wonder is there any to condemn 'er),
Come, now, and let us see thy laughing face—
Though, stop! I'm in a deuce of a dilemma;
For what is comedy? Bookskin, paint-laced,
A four-act farce, or possibly "Whoa, Emma!"
I really cannot tell, 'tis so perplexing,
The question which the critic's mind is vexing.

II.

But let us say that comedy implies
A something light and easily digested;
Its mission never was to wring eyes,
In sackcloth, sorely, it was never vested;
It may not always please, but always tries,
And by that standard let it now be tested.
A comedy is what excites a laugh—
That definition's clean, and free from chaff.

III.

Perhaps it would be somewhat wrong to say
That Colonel Sellers represents dramatic
Ability that's bound alone to pay,
While we, the bards, who labor in an attic,
Whereon aloft on fancy's broader sway,
Must live upon our heavenly flights ecstatic,
And wear two weeks a single paper collar,
And only know, by sight, our daddy's dollar.

IV.

A comedy should have some wit to season,
Some humor to relieve the lively action,
Some point and purpose and some little reason
(Although this last may be the smallest fraction);
And should you cut these smallest points to seize on,
And work them up to meet your satisfaction,
You may; but pray don't let the rabble know
Who 'twas that made your comedy a go.

V.

'Twould be a bootless task to try to name
The many stars who fleetingly have flashed
Upon our vision, each with separate claim
To be considered great. Of course they've clashed,
And some have dwindled to a sickly flame,
While others, sped on comedy, they've mashed
The populace. (That last I know is slang,
But then it has the true theatric twang.)

VI.

Take Maggie Mitchell—Margaret has got 'er
A reputation and a pile of money;
Is it she ever should grow old and totter,
She'll have a golden staff. It does seem funny
To think of Mitchell or the sprightly Lotta
As wrinkled, or deprived of nature's honey;
And yet we know human nature always takes them
As fresh as powder and the playbills make them.

VII.

And for the Standard, which we called of old
The Eagle, may it grow in standard ways,
And win renown as well as heaps of gold,
And give New York some new and worthy plays,
And may the grand Grand Opera-house still hold
Such houses as the hopes of actors raise,
For that's the strongest of all arguments
Which lies embalmed within a fifty cents.

VIII.

To old New York the name of Wallack raises
Fair visions of an unforgotten past,
When far and wide the city sang his praises—
The elder Wallack and his worthy cast.
The younger Wallack, fresher than the daisies,
Renews his youth (may it forever last!)
And wears right worthily an honored name,
Which through his efforts grows to larger fame.

IX.

There you shall find (when "Marriage" is not running,
Nor other point-lace structures of decay)
The standard comedies whose wit and cunning
Are not approached in this degenerate day.
If it continues, innovations shunning,
To travel always in the good old way,
It need not fear. The Course of Time (not Pollok's)
Shall flow uninterruptedly at Wallack's.

X.

Fifth avenue and the Fifth-avenoodles
Still patronize the well-appointed home of art,
Where lately Clarke revived the fame of Toodles
(Alas! poor Burton, 'twas his favorite part);
But plays with real upholstery and poodles—
Society affairs—long ruled that mart,
Till Daly failed to earn his daily bread,
And Fiske with "Uncle Tom" rose up instead.

XI.

Turn now and see the cosy little Park,
Rich in the memory of unbounded laughter;
'Twas there "Our Boarding-House" could mark
Its every point, and here the footlights shone;
And here "The Crushed Tragedian" shook the rafters;
Here, also, Colonel Sellers made his mark;
And Florence, with his Bardwell Slote, came after.
This place produces nothing dull or flabby—
Blest be the monk who dwells in such an Abbey.

XII.

The Union-square—though would it be quite square
To add that house to such a union? Surely,
"The Orphans" is not comedy; and there
Is more of melodrama, slow-purveyed, in
In that much "Celebrated Case," I swear
(Expressed, perhaps, a trifle more demurely),
But melodrama still—there's more, I say,
In that than in the bloodiest Bowery play.

XIII.

Sweet Muse of smiles, but not of laughter loud,
Of ridicule that is not obloquy,
Happy is he who happy makes a crowd,
And serves the human race by serving thee!
Shakespeare and Garrick, both of genius proud
As thy twin priests, immortal Comedy;
And still those live who cause our souls to tingle
With Nature's mirth—for instance, Solon Shingle.

XIV.

Ah me! old age is coming on us all,
The weary, dreary Comedy of Life,
When Death, the prompter, lets the curtain fall,
And Time decides our poor, unequal strife
Against the adverse fates. We slowly crawl
Adown the vale of years with struggles rife,
Contending for the prizes which, when earned,
To Dead-sea fruits too frequently are turned.

THE END.

THE MYSTERY of DEMING COURT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HELEN LUQUEER.

CHAPTER III.

"What has happened?" questioned Emma, as she sprang from her bed, hastily put on a wrapper, and thrust her feet into a pair of slippers. Might not the house be on fire, and the cry she had heard one of warning as well as terror? With trembling hands she unlocked her door, looked out into the great hall, and caught a gleam of light at the farther extremity.

With the impulse of the moment she ran out and attempted to overtake the light. Her slippered feet gave back no sound as she hurried to meet the flickering guide, she turned abruptly to the right, where a staircase led to the upper story, and as Emma reached its foot the last gleam of light disappeared, and she was left in that strange part of the house with the very blackness of darkness surrounding her. She listened for the sound of retreating footsteps or the rustling of a dress, but all was silent as the tomb. Not a single ray of light or sound of life came to relieve the terrible suspense of the poor girl as she attempted to grope her way back. Only a blank wall presented itself to her outstretched hands.

She paused and endeavored to recall her scattered senses and recollect the direction she had taken. The blood rushed surging through her veins and caused her heart and pulses to beat tumultuously, the moaning wind shrieked its dirge about the tall chimneys added to the desolateness of the situation. Feeling her way slowly along the wall in what she fancied to be the correct direction in order to gain her room, she began to take new courage, thanking the stars that had dowered her with a goodly amount of presence of mind in an emergency, and which kept her from fainting. She recollected how Miss Deming resented any curiosity she had intimated that there was much in the family that could not be explained, and felt that she had yielded to a wrong impulse in leaving her room at all. Then, too, she had disobeyed implicit injunctions in leaving the door unlocked, and all other feelings were lost in again regaining her chamber in safety.

A low, gurgling, soul-stirring laugh broke distinctly upon her startled and listening ear. It appeared to come from no particular point, but to float all about her. Until that instant she had given no thought to the supernatural. How it obtruded itself upon her mind, despite the intimations of Rose with regard to the haunting spirit of the late master of Deming Court! She suddenly recollected the story (which she had banished at the time as superstitious and ignorant gossip) and her situation in the great, lonely place, and the presence of some terrible mystery haunting the gloom.

It was too much for even the heroic soul of the girl. Her knees trembled, refused to longer support the weight of the body, her pulses ceased to beat, a strange dizziness seized her brain, and in a moment more she lay prone upon the floor, white and still.

Whether she lost entire consciousness or not she never knew. Through the pangs of returning sensibility she felt herself being carried rapidly along in strong arms. Then, as if in a dream or through a mist, the dark face of the mysterious Shirly bent over her as she was placed upon her bed in her own room, and a sense of warmth and protection seemed to enfold her, while her spirit was still wandering. Then there was the sound of whispering voices, a flash of light swept across her unsealed eyelids, which dwelt in questioning terror and perplexity upon the mysterious face softening at last into an expression of trustfulness and peace. Then the lovely brown orbs were shadowed again, the pallor deepened in the sweet, young face, she endeavored to smile and speak, but consciousness faded into another period of insensibility.

When her truant senses came struggling back Chloe was pressing a spoonful of wine gently between her white lips, a cheerful fire was burning upon the hearth, and a lighted lamp was upon the little round table.

"Drink this, honey," said the good old creature, lifting the bonny brown head in her great arms.

Emma swallowed the wine, and then her own arms stole up around the old black neck, and her head was pillowed upon the broad motherly bosom, within which was as warm and true a heart as ever beat.

"That's right, honey. Take a good long cry. It'll do yer ar heap ob good," said Chloe, rocking herself back and forward as she would have hushed an infant.

"Oh! tell me, Chloe, what has happened? What is the awful mystery of this house?"

"Hush, honey. Don't ye mention it to hurt ye, if yer keeps locked up in yer room nights. How comed yer out ob de door in dat cold hall all erione, and in der night, and fainted erway in de dark?"

"Oh! Cloe, it was dreadful."

"What, poor chile?"

"Those terrible shrieks, one after another! And I felt something fearful had happened—the house perhaps on fire. So before I was really awake I found myself out in the hall following a light which suddenly disappeared, leaving me in that awful place in pitch darkness."

"And den ye fainted?" asked Chloe.

"No, not then. I tried to be brave and reach my room, but another strange sound alarmed me—like moans and laughter combined. Oh, I cannot describe it," and she clung to her humble friend in a fresh paroxysm of tears.

"Jess try and go ter sleep, pretty dear. Ye make up yer mind it was only an ugly dream and ye war walkin' in yer sleep."

"I wish I could think so."

"In course yer must, honey. What else could it be, I should like to know? And jest mind one thing, Miss Emma—when yer gits locked in dis ar room ob a night, don't ye open der door if de Angel Gabriel hisself am a blowin' his horn in dis hyar house."

"But, Chloe, I thought the house was on fire, and I felt that I must seek my own safety and look to that of the helpless Barbara."

"Don't go to thinkin' nuthin' like dat ar agin. Jess stay in de good, warm bed; and if de house catches a-fiah Miss Jane and ole Chloe 'ill come for yer, nebber fear."

"I shall heed your warning, Chloe, and rest assured nothing will hereafter tempt me on a midnight expedition again. I trust Miss Deming will not be offended."

"Don't yer fret, honey. She dun know nothin' 'tall about it, and she haint gott'er."

"Who was the gentleman that brought me here?" asked Emma, much relieved by the information she had received.

"Reckon yer was dreamin' yet, honey. Don't yer think I could tote yer me own self? But yer've dun talked 'nuff. See, de daylight am a creepin' inter de east," and she placed the aching head tenderly upon the pillow, looped back the heavy curtains at the window, and discussed the pink and amber light that began to illuminate the sky. Then, dropping the curtains again, she took up her lamp and continued: "Go ter sleep now, honey, and rest yerself, and git up bright as er lark bom-bye."

"And you, Chloe? I have kept you from bed and sadly broken your rest."

"No, yer haint, Miss Emma. I kin jess sleep any time and anywhar, and I'll cotch up before ther day am fair."

She took up the lamp once more and stole softly out of the room. Emma arose and locked the door, and then, returning, slumbered until the late breakfast-hour.

CHAPTER IV.

Weeks passed as usual at Deming Court, and the lovely Spring days came with bud and blossom. There had been no recurrence of the sounds which had been the cause of so much terr or upon that dreadful night; there had never been from either of the sisters the slightest allusion to any unusual occurrence, nor had the name of Shirly been mentioned by anyone. Even Miss Barbara seemed uncommonly reticent upon family matters, except in regard to the long past pertaining to her childhood, in the days when Deming Court was noted for its princely hospitality, and had numbered its slaves by the hundreds.

Very often had Emma felt a strong desire to question Barbara as to who the mysterious person was whom she felt sure she had seen bending over her upon the never-to-be-forgotten night, but an instinctive delicacy or fear of wounding a tender heart sealed her lips.

The days were now so bright and sunny that she used to spend hours in the ample grounds with poor, blind Barbara, leading her about amid the rank growing flowers or sitting in some ruined summer-house, talking of her Northern home. Sometimes she would write letters while Barbara sat with folded hands, her pale face turned towards the sweet-scented hills, and seeing them again in memory, or listening to the music of bird and insect life. And once as they sat thus, Barbara in her favorite attitude, and Emma at her feet with a lapful of flowers she was arranging, Barbara suddenly assumed the sharp, expectant look one often notices upon the faces of the blind, and exclaimed:

"Hush!"

"What do you hear, dear Miss Barbara?" questioned Emma, not a little startled.

"Hush! a footstep. It is coming."

Even as she was speaking a rustle was distinctly heard amid the thick screen of foliage, and an instant later the tall form of a man was standing by them, and the dark, handsome face of the mysterious Shirly was bending over the blind Barbara, whose features lighted up with a glad greeting.

"I thought it was you," she said as his lips touched hers.

"You have a quick ear," he returned in a rich and mellow voice, while a smile illuminated his melancholy cast of countenance and displayed a magnificent set of teeth.

"May I introduce my kind friend Miss Detrick to you, Shirly?" questioned Barbara in a deprecating manner, as though it might not meet his approbation.

"It is not necessary," he responded, lifting his hat to Emma, who had arisen and was flushing and paling by turns. "I am feeling already quite well acquainted with your friend, and know of all her kindness to my little sister Barbara."

Miss Detrick's vivid color belied his next words.

"But I wonder if there is anyone else in the house who has seen what I have in regard to your friend, Barbara."

"Indeed, Shirly? Is there anything wrong?" questioned his sister. "Are we not considerate enough? and are we overtasking her youth and strength? You know how helpless I am, and must be eyes for me."

"You have named it rightly, Barbara. You are overtasking Miss Detrick. She is growing pale and wan. The confinement is telling upon her."

"Oh! what can be done? Indeed, I cannot lose her!" exclaimed Barbara, clasping her hands in dismay.

Emma thought it time to interfere, and declared that she was feeling quite well, and that Barbara need have no fear.

"My Northern constitution," she said, "may be a trifle taxed by change of clime, but I shall soon overcome that."

"I have brought you a pretty, gentle horse, Barbara. Will you induce your young friend to take an hour's exercise every morning while the air is cool and pleasant? It is a physician's prescription, and Miss Detrick need not hesitate to follow it."

"But I cannot be under such an obligation to a stranger!" exclaimed Emma in distress.

"It is settled, dear," said Barbara gently but firmly, and, reaching out, she clasped the hand of Emma, who was trembling with suppressed feeling. "Our care for each other must be mutual, for we love each other."

Accordingly, Emma was prevailed upon to exercise each day upon the horse Shirly had provided. But, though that gentleman often joined her when riding, the mystery remained. She knew not where he lived or why he shunned the home of his fathers. He never passed a moment with his sisters, or showed the least fondness for any save Barbara. But the solution was not distant, for one morning Chloe demanded admittance to her room before she had risen.

"Oh, de good Lord, Miss Emma," she said, laboring under great excitement. "An orful kerlamity has overtook dis hyar house, and Miss Jane wants ter see yer jess as soon as yer kin git dressed."

"What in the world has happened?" questioned Emma, as with trembling but flying fingers she began her toilet.

"Don't ax one, honey. De shadders am deep'nin' around dis famerly, and de good Lord only knows what is gwin ter happen nex."

When Emma appeared in the family sitting-room she found to her astonishment the three sisters assembled; Barbara with her sad face swollen with weeping; Jane grim and frigid as usual, but strangely aged in a single night, and her eyes misty with unshed tears. Agnes was the only one who seemed composed, and as Emma came rushing in with questioning glances, though her greeting was usual, Agnes said with a harsh and soulless laugh:

"I am glad you have come, Miss Emma. Sister Jane and that idiot" (pointing to Barbara) "have got some more fancies. As if ——"

"Agnes!" exclaimed Jane in her sternest tones, and the simple word checked some disclosure. "Miss Detrick," she continued, turning towards her, "will you be so good as to go into the dining-room? I will join you in a moment."

Emma complied. Miss Deming rang the bell for Rose to keep guard over her sisters Agnes and Barbara, and then followed.

"Miss Deming," she commenced, "you ride upon horseback every morning for exercise, I believe?" Emma simply assented, and Miss Deming resumed:

"Would you mind to extend your ride a little farther to do us an especial favor?"

"Certainly not," was replied.

Miss Deming ordered Chloe to bring a cup of coffee, which she persuaded Emma to drink. Then she produced a note to be delivered to Shirly Deming, Pine Ridge." Emma flushed as she read the direction.

"It is only five miles away," said Miss Deming, noticing the expression of her face, "but I would not ask you to go if there were anyone else. I have been obliged to send Pompey in another direction."

Emma drank her coffee and followed Chloe to the stable. She found her horse saddled, and, after receiving explicit directions how to find Pine Ridge, started at the swiftest pace. Her way led over hill and through valley until, gaining a higher height, she suddenly emerged upon a clearing where stood a lone, double log cabin, with its negro quarters in the rear. A brawling stream rushed down a gorge, upon whose bosom farther down rested a saw-mill, whose song made the air vocal.

Emma was received at the door of the cabin by the master, to whom she delivered the note of Miss Deming, and was about to return. To that he would not consent, and with gentle force lifted her from her horse and conducted her within the house, which, though rude in exterior, was filled with evidences of wealth and refinement, while lacking the order and taste of womanhood.

"Welcome to my bachelor abode," said Mr. Deming as he handed her a chair.

He rang a bell and ordered coffee, which he would not permit her to decline, and which was served by an old negress, his housekeeper. Then, excusing himself, he broke the seal of his sister's note, and upon glancing over it his face became as faded as death, and he involuntarily pressed his hand to his eyes to clear away the gathering mist. And it was impossible for Emma not to see that he had received a blow which, for the moment, unmanned him. But with an effort he regained his composure, and in a voice heavy with emotion announced that he must leave instantly for Deming Court.

His horse was ordered, with that of his visitor, and they were soon upon their way, Emma reflecting upon what the new mystery could be as she rode by the side of her absorbed companion, and recollecting the words of old Chloe: "De shadders am deep'nin' about dis famerly."

When they reached Deming Court Barbara had retired with a sick headache, and wanted quiet and rest, as Chloe informed Emma, so that for the day her care would not be needed. Miss Deming had also retired to the sanctity of her room with her charge, Agnes, and Emma, being fatigued, was glad of a holiday.

The dead quiet of the house seemed oppressive, and after a dinner, which no one appeared to share, she took a long walk, came back to another solitary meal and retreated to her own room. Although scarcely dark, she lighted a lamp to finish a book she was reading—then recollected that she had left it in the library, and stole softly down-stairs as if fearing to awaken even the echoes of the melancholy house. Upon entering the room, and before she had reached the table, she became aware of another presence. Through the gloom of gathering night she distinctly saw the form of Shirly Deming. He was sitting by the great library table with his head bowed upon his folded arms, and there was something in the attitude that spoke of grief and despair. At the moment the surprised girl was about to retire as softly as she came he looked up, and even in the gloom Emma saw how changed and ghastly he had become.

"Miss Detrick," he said in low tones, "I was just thinking of you, and how lonely you must be in this doomed house, and that in our trouble we were sadly neglecting you," and he arose and took her hand.

"Do not for a moment think of me," she returned falteringly, "unless I may be of some comfort to you. Ah! Mr. Deming, cannot I share in this trouble? Is it anything you cannot speak of? Indeed, I would gladly, oh! so gladly, share the burden of the grief with you all."

"It is like your own kind self to say this, and I do not doubt your willingness."

"Let me entreat you, Mr. Deming, to have confidence in me. You can safely trust me, though your sisters have believed they could not."

"Confidence in you?" he repeated in a broken voice—"trust you, angel of girls? Heaven bless you, I give you a thousand times more than you ask for. I give you all the love of my mad, mad heart. The very ground beneath your feet is holy—the air you breathe sacred. Nay, do not shrink from me until I have told you all—until I have 'trusted' you."

He led her to a seat by the window, where the full moon could pour its light upon her as it climbed the radiant heaven, placed himself by her side, and, with her passive hand clasped in his, told his story.

"My mother, from whom I take the name of Shirly, belonged to a fine old English family of that title, but in which as far back as we can trace there was a vein of madness, though often excepting one generation from the curse to pour it upon the succeeding one. And thus, though my grandfather Shirly lived and died sane, my own mother became, at middle age, a raving maniac. She was always gentle and lovely, something like Barbara, and we never dreamed what was in store for her until the death of my father. Overwhelmed with grief, she passed from one stage of lunacy to another until she lost every gleam of reason. From the very first it was our policy to hide her from the world, and keep from it the knowledge of our terrible inheritance. At the very top of the house a room was fitted, and there our poor mother was confined. Of necessity this involved our own isolation. About this time the war broke out, and I turned away to lay my worthless life upon the altar of my country, and, though I shed my mad blood freely, my life was spared. Jane had broken the engagement of Agnes with a noble young gentleman whom she loved tenderly, and the grief following made her a lunatic also, yet only in a degree, and which Jane by her superior firmness and will has been able to control, though it caused her a mysterious life, and to myself Deming Court became a torture. The war had desolated our plantation; but among valuable timber-lands I made my home—that of a hermit at Pine Ridge, where I could throw my energies into turning the timber into a support for my family."

"How sad and lonely must have been your life," said Emma with a sigh as he paused.

"Yes; for I have had my dreams of wife and home; but they went out forever with the knowledge of my inheritance." Then, resuming his narrative, he said: "I used to pass entire days and nights with my mother in the attempt to amuse or awaken some gleam of intelligence, and thus relieve Jane of a portion of the care. Consequently, I came and went without the knowledge of anyone, save that sister and the faithful old Chloe. One night, soon after your arrival, I was left in charge of my mother. She was more tranquil than usual, and I fell asleep, to be awakened by her shrieks. She had purloined the keys from me with the cunning of madness, stolen out, and was rioting in darkness and frenzy throughout the house. In great consternation Jane and Chloe met me in the hall, and the search began, each taking opposite directions, for, after her first shrieks, she was silent. I passed through the westward corridor after a long and ineffectual search, and found you in a dead faint upon the floor, and at the same moment Chloe had discovered my poor mother in your room, the door of which you had incautiously left open."

"Oh, that explains the terrible mystery of that night," returned Emma, shuddering at that frenzied creature passing her in the darkness and seeking refuge in her chamber.

"I placed you upon the bed while Chloe led away my mother and gave her to the care of Jane, and then returned to restore you to consciousness."

"It all comes back to me as some terrible dream, one I shall never forget," said Emma.

"And to me a night to be ever remembered, for while you lay in unconsciousness in my arms your wan and faint, sweet face I had ever known. And at that moment was born in my heart a deathless and all-absorbing love. But I must not dwell upon this only to tell you that thereafter I lived only in your presence, and, though unseen, I have spent hours listening to your voice, or gazing upon your dear face. Call it what you will—the vagaries of a man with mad blood running hot through his veins, which may one day break forth and cause him to be shut up in those hells for the insane with fiends in the shape of humanity—I have but told the truth."

He passionately put her hand from him, arose, and walked the floor with impetuous strides. Then, coming to her again with all of excitement subdued, he said in a low and gentle voice:

"You are weeping, my best beloved, and I have pained your tender and affectionate heart. Forgive me; and will you not come with me that I may show you the sequel to my story? Then our paths henceforth and forever must lie apart. Though my love is unconquerable, I would not, if I could, sacrifice you."

Lighting a lamp, he placed her trembling hand upon his arm, and led her to the great, ever closed and darkened drawing-room. At the door he paused and said:

"You are trembling as a leaf in the wind. Be assured there is nothing to startle or alarm you. Only the release of a tortured soul gone beyond the reach of all human care, sorrow, doubt, suffering—beyond all darkness and clouds, leaving only the clay casket of what was once my mother."

In a moment they were standing by the coffin of the poor dead woman. At the first glance Emma thought only of the suffering that so marred and aged the face, then of the grace of God that lay upon the seamed forehead, and they both felt that the calm of heaven had forever settled upon her soul.

"This was the instrument and the hand her own that accomplished her release," said Shirly, taking from his pocket a small knife, which Emma recognized as her own, and which she had lost. "The night she entered your room she must have found and secreted it about her, and, with the cunning of madness, hid it in her own room until it was prompted to the last act in the drama of her life."

As he spoke he dropped the knife into the coffin, while a low sob of pity from his companion broke the stillness of the room, and at the same moment the door opened and Jane walked in, frigid and stately, and confronted them.

"So," said she, "you have concluded to publish our grief and shame to the world—you who were the cause of this!" and her eyes were blazing with passion as she looked upon her brother. But her utterance suddenly grew thick and confused. "God pity us all!" she gasped, and fell as a lightning-smitten pine, blasted and dying.

They bore her to her own room, and the physician who had been summoned announced:

"She will never recover. It is a stroke of paralysis."

In a few days her form rested by the side of her mother in the village churchyard. With her life went out the prop and stay of the household, and there was nothing for them to do but send Agnes to an asylum for the insane, and Barbara was to accompany Emma to her Northern home for a season.

The night before they were to start Emma had received a note from Shirly bidding her farewell. "I cannot see you at the last," it said; "it would unman me. But Heaven ever bless you, my darling. With the hope that we may meet beyond the stars, I force myself to say good-bye."

The night was hot, but full of brightness, and Emma sat by the window with sad heart and humid eyes, and her lover's letter clasped in her hand, when a movement in the grounds below attracted her attraction. Then she saw the noble form of Shirly outlined in the moonlight, and knew he was keeping vigil there upon the last night of her stay in Deming Court. In an instant all maidenly reserve was banished by the thought of his love, his lonely life and his sorrows, and like a spirit she glided down to him. He saw her coming, and put up his hand to ward away a blow. But she flew into his arms, clung about his neck, and their lips met in the first thrilling kiss of love.

"I will not be banished," whispered she. "Shirly, I cannot go. My heart and life are yours. If suffering and sorrow must come to us, let it not be through a life of separation. Think of dear Barbara. She needs us both."

Again and again he kissed the very words from her lips. Then gently but firmly put her away from him.

"It must not be, beloved of my soul. Of you alone I must think in this hour. Alas! I know now how the Master was tempted in the wilderness," he said in a voice broken by emotion.

"Farewell," she answered through her sobs, "then farewell, since you spurn me for having offered myself unsought," and she turned from him.

"Spurn you, Emma!" he exclaimed, detaining her. "God pity me! this is more than I can bear. You have conquered. I am yours until death or madness do us part," and with the words he took her to his heart, and their tears of joy were mingled. Then he continued: "But promise me, by our sacred vows of love, that should the day ever come when reason totters on its throne, you will give me up and have me placed in confinement beyond the reach of harm to you."

The promise was given, sadly, and only after much importunity. They are living to-day, life linked to life, at Deming Court, and all of its gloom has departed. Its hospitable doors are open to many friends and guests. Barbara is there in a peaceful old age—their only care. Heaven in its mercy has willed the translation of madness through children, and the happy master there has given up all thought of the old skeletons once hovering about the hearthstones of Deming Court.

THE END.

THE PAPAL TIARAS.

A correspondent writes: The history of Papal tiaras within the present century has not been uneventful. In 1805 Napoleon presented Pope Pius the VII with the earliest that is now supposed to exist. It was of pearl-colored velvet, with three costly gold rings, which were each set with precious stones of various colors. The stones were each surrounded with brilliants, and the three rings were each bordered by a single row of pearls matching one another with extraordinary exactness. The apex of the tiara was of pure gold studded with pearls and rubies.

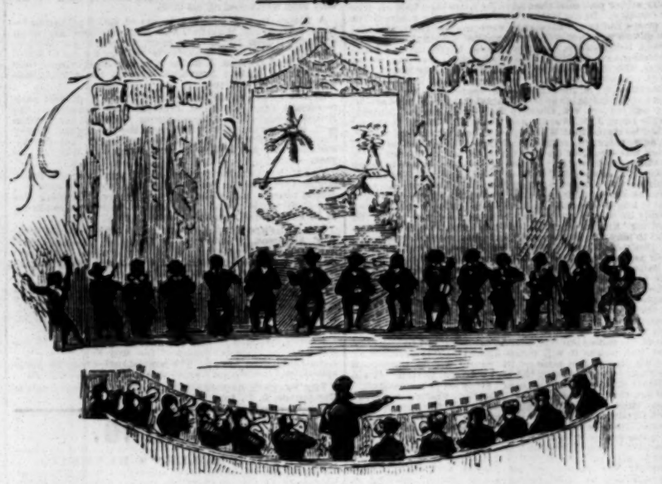
In 1831 Gregory XVI caused it, with several other valuable possessions of the Vatican, to be hidden for fear of plunder by the mob, and when, a few months afterwards, order was restored and the hidden articles were dug up, it was found that the velvet of the tiara was quite spoiled, and that a great many of the gems were altogether lost. Gregory XVI is said to have been extremely vexed at this, and he ordered the jeweler Hannibal Bolta in the year 1838 to repair the tiara as best he could. This was done accordingly; but the restored work of art was found to weigh no less than eighteen pounds, and to be too heavy for the august wearers. Accordingly it became the practice to wear only the imitation tiara made by Leo VII, which is of pasteboard, profusely ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, paste diamonds, and some real gems. Gregory was, however, never satisfied with the necessity of wearing this sham ornament, and towards the end of his Pontificate he caused another tiara to be made of pure gold, but much thinner and lighter. Its cost is stated by the *Unita Cattolica* to have been $1,500.

The fourth tiara, made in the present century, was that which Queen Isabella of Spain presented to the late Pope in 1856, at a cost of about $50,000. This, however, was sold by Pius-IX, who devoted the proceeds of the sale to pious and benevolent purposes. Finally, inasmuch as the tiara of light gold made by Gregory XVI was found too small for the head of Pius IX, the latter had another made on a similar plan, and this last seems to be the one which the new Pope, Leo XIII, will wear. There seems to be much doubt whether the tiara of Napoleon is now in the Vatican, or is hidden somewhere, as it was in 1831, and again in 1848.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



DE PINTS OB DE LAW.

BY E. N. D. MANN.

INT.—Why, Bones, where's your coat?

BONES (*Sitting in his shirt-sleeves and looking sad*).—I aint got none.

INT.—Not got any! Why, I saw you with *two* on, this morning.

BONES.—I know you did; but I aint got none now.

INT.—What have you done with them?

BONES.—I gib dem up.

INT.—Didn't they belong to you?

BONES.—Yes, dey did; I neber wore anoder man's coat in all my life.

INT.—Then who did you give them up to?

BONES.—To de man dat wanted dem.

INT.—What do you mean? Did you not want them?

BONES.—Yes; but de t'other feller wanted dem de most, I guss.

INT.—Oh, some kind act of charity, I suppose.

BONES.—Well, yes; you can *suppose* so, if you like.

INT.—But why did you not give him *one*, and keep the other for yourself?

BONES.—'Cause dat was 'genst de law.

INT.—Nonsense; there is no law that compels a man to give up his coats to another man and leave himself bare.

BONES.—Dey aint? Dat shows how much you eber larned at your Sunday-school.

INT.—Don't talk nonsense—go along and get your coat.

BONES.—I tell you I aint got none; I gib dem bofe up accordin' to law.

INT.—Who put such nonsense into your head?

BONES.—Moody and Sankey.

INT.—No, sir; Mr. Moody never could have told you any such stuff as that.

BONES.—But I say he did; and he showed me de law for it in de book, an' I read it myself.

INT.—Well, what did it say?

BONES.—De law said: "Ef a man wants to take dy coat from you, gib him dy *cloak also*;" an' as I was coming down de street, a feller grabbed me suddenly, as if he was in a hurry, an' said I must' gib up my coat! Fust ob all, I wasn't going to gib it up, but as he supplimented his request wid de words "or de Lor' hab mercy on your soul," I let him hab his way about it; an' as I didn't hab no *cloak* to gib him, de *t'other coat* had to answer de puppose; so here I is, as you see me, a strick conformer to de law.

INT.—What a fool you are! Go and ask my servant for a coat.

BONES (*Bows and retires for a coat, but returns quickly with one on, as*—

INT. (*Turning to Tambo*).—Hello, Tambo, what have you been doing with yourself?

TAMBO (*Sitting pensively with head and face bound up in bandages*).—I aint been doing nuffen wid myself.

INT.—Then why have you your head and face bound up?

TAMBO.—Can't a man tie up his face if his jaw is broke, widout being suspected ob having done somet'ing wid himself?

INT.—I presume so; I don't know of any law preventing a man from tying up his face. But if your jaw is broken you must certainly have been doing something with yourself.

TAMBO.—Well, I *was* doing somet'ing wid myself, den.

INT.—And what were you doing with yourself?

TAMBO.—I put myself up for a target, as my frien' told me to do.

INT.—You must have a very funny kind of a friend to tell you to put yourself up as a target.

TAMBO.—Yes; an' so he is a funny feller—he is chock full of fun; but he didn't tell me to put myself up as a target for fun, dough.

INT.—Who is this funny friend of yours? What's his name?

TAMBO.—He is a famous man, an' his name is Harry Ward.

INT.—Harry Ward! Harry Ward! The name sounds familiar to me; do I know him?

TAMBO.—You might knowed him if you bin in dis country long.

INT.—Where does he live?

TAMBO.—Well, dat's hard saying; he *libs eberywhere he goes*, at dis season ob de year; but in Summer-time he goes a-fishing.

INT.—Oh, he is a sporting man, is he?

TAMBO.—Well, yes; he am full ob *sport*. But he don't foller dat for a living altogeder.

INT.—What does he do, then, when he aint fishing?

TAMBO.—Well, he lays down de law. He tells eberybody what dey must do to be happy; how dey mus' love dere neighbors, your trudders an' sisters, an' how, if your neighbor catch you an' smite you on one ob your cheeks, you mus' turn de udder jaw an' let him smash dat, too.

INT.—Then your neighbor must have caught you?

TAMBO.—I won't go back on de truf, nohow; an' he gib it to me good, I tell you.

INT.—And what are you going to do about it?

TAMBO.—Guess I'll go an' get my mut'al frien' to help me fix things. (*Exit* TAMBO *for a moment to remove bandages, and return quickly all right.*)

INT.—Well, you and your mutual friend fix things mighty quick. Your jaw looks all right again.

TAMBO.—Oh, yes; I's got cheek enough for anyting again.

INT.—Now let us hear

I'LL SEE THAT YOUR GRAVE'S KEPT GREEN.

TO JOS. H. COHEN OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

When you're dead and gone from me, darling,
When you're laid in the grave dark and cold,
Will you ever look down from your mansion above
And think of my anguish untold?
My life will be lonely without you
When I summon back each vanished scene,
And, though others should gather about me,
I'll see that your grave's kept green.
Chorus.—But I trust that your days may be many
Ere you shall have left earth's last scene;
And if you should go, love, before me,
I'll see that your grave's kept green.

I will keep you ever in remembrance,
I will treasure each kindly word,
I will strive to banish the doubting tone
When the voice of censure is heard;
Ah! my heart can never absolve the past
From the joys we together have seen,
And the promise I made I will keep, love—
I'll see that your grave's kept green.
Chorus.—But I trust that your days may be many
Ere you shall have left earth's last scene;
And if you should go, love, before me,
I'll see that your grave's kept green.

What can life be to me, my pure darling,
If you are called far away?
The gloom of the tomb will environ my heart,
Changed to darkness of night every day;
The joys of the past will embitter my life
When called up by each changing scene;
When your robe is as pure as the angels above
I'll see that your grave's kept green.
Chorus.—But I trust that your days may be many
Ere you shall have left earth's last scene;
And if you should go, love, before me,
I'll see that your grave's kept green.

Brooklyn, April, 1878. H. ALSTON DARLEY.

A STRONG COMBINATION IN PITTSBURG, PA., IN 1834.

At the time whereof we write the late Francis Courtney Wemyss was the manager of the Pittsburg Theatre, which stood on Fifth near the corner of Wood street, and was demolished only a few years ago. It was first opened Sept. 2, 1833, and Mr. Wemyss retired from its management a short time previous to Christmas, 1834. At that time theatrical management there was uphill work. The company was large and talented, and yet the receipts on the opening night of the new theatre were only $392.62, and on the second night they fell to $101. Mr. Spencer, a talented member of the company, the audience hissed from the stage because he dressed like a gentleman and wore kid gloves in the street. They pronounced the elder Booth a *bad actor*, and did not give Edwin Forrest adequate support during his first engagement. Years afterwards, however, they crowded the theatre to witness the performances of both these gentlemen. Forrest played to $394.25 the first night; he acted in that city, and during the engagement acted King Lear to less than $100. Booth opened to $340; played Richard Glenroy to $112, and Pescara to $106. Tyrone Power's first night yielded $353, his second $119.25. The experiment of devoting one night in each week to old comedies, in deference to the opinions of a committee of gentlemen interested in the welfare of the drama, proved a disastrous failure. The first attempt, with "The School for Scandal," filled the lower boxes, but the *pit, upper boxes and gallery* were *empty*. The second comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was given with like results, and the repetition of "The School for Scandal" failed to secure even the attendance of the committee referred to. Of those whose names appear in the appended copy of a programme, Mrs. Duff, of whom all trace had been lost for several years, died in this city either Aug. 31 or Sept. 1, 1867, we have not known to see the general public until 1874; Augustus A. Addams was at one time a formidable rival to Edwin Forrest, and, had he been true to himself, would undoubtedly have obtained a foremost rank on the American stage—he died in Cincinnati, O., March 19, 1851; Mrs. Charles Green died in Louisville, Ky., in 1838; John Oxley died in this city Dec. 27, 1869; N. H. Bannister died here Nov. 2, 1847; Charles L. Green died in Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1, 1849; we have no record of R. W. McDougal; John Sefton died in this city Sept. 19, 1868; William Sefton died in New Orleans, La., in 1838 or 1839; Mr. Hathwell died in Philadelphia some years ago; Mr. McKibbin died in the West some time ago; F. C. Wemyss died in this city Jan. 5, 1859. There were two Smiths—George and William—in the company. The first named subsequently retired from the stage, and the other died in New Orleans.

THEATRE.
MRS. DUFF AS ELVIRA.
First night of
THE POODLE COLLAR.
THIS EVENING, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1834,
will be acted the play of
PIZARRO, OR THE SPANIARDS IN PERU.

Rolla	Mr. A. Addams	Alonzo	Mr. Sefton
Elvira	Mrs. Duff	Gonzalo	Mr. Wallace
Cora	Mrs. Green	Las Casas	Mr. Hathwell
Pizarro	Mr. Oxley	Davilla	Mr. Hubbard
Alonzo	Mr. Bannister	Ataliba	Mr. McKibbin
Orazimbo	Mr. C. L. Green	Gomez	Mr. Gilford
Almagra	Mr. McDougal	Orano	Mr. Smith
Castillian Soldier	Mr. J. Sefton	Priests, priestesses, etc., etc.	

To conclude with, first time, the farce of

THE POODLE COLLAR, OR CAPT. STEVENS.

Harry Splashton	Mr. Wemyss	Selton	Mr. Wallace
Col Rochefort	Mr. Hathwell	John	Mr. Gilford
Capt. Stevens	Mr. Hubbard	Mrs. Rochef

parent worship of fire and the other elements, regarded by them as visible representations of the Deity.

Nothing similar to their funeral rites exists in the neighborhood of Bombay. It is a beautiful mong other nations. The Towers of Silence stand in a garden on the highest point of Malabar Hill, spot, a place of silence and peaceful rest. There are five towers in all. A sixth structure stands apart; it is square in shape—not round like the others—and is only used for members of the community who have suffered death for heinous crimes. On the parapet of each tower usually sit a troop of vultures, lazy and motionless, unless when a funeral is seen approaching—then they show signs of great excitement.

At a funeral, after the recital of prayers and some other ceremonies, the corpse is placed in the interior of the tower chosen, and abandoned to the destructive agencies of nature and the insatiable birds. At the end of a fortnight, or at most four weeks, the corpse-bearers—who form a distinct class among the Parsees, and live apart from the rest of the community—return, and with gloved hands, and with implements resembling tongs, place the dry skeleton in a well in the centre of the building. Rich and poor all lie together. "In these five towers," says the secretary of the Parsee Punchayal, "rest the bones of all the Parsees that have lived in Bombay for the last two hundred years. We form a united body in life, and we are united in death."

FOREIGN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"THE COBBLER'S DAUGHTER,"

a dramatization from the French by Mrs. S. Lane, was first acted at the Britannia Theatre, London, Eng., March 23. It is a four-act piece, and the story is as follows:

When the curtain rises we are introduced to a cross by the four roads in the outskirts of a French provincial town. Here lads and lasses are keeping holiday and making merry, and we are not long left in ignorance of the fact that one of the prettiest of the damsels—Jeannette by name—is beloved by a scoundrel called Louvard. Jeannette will listen to none of his proposals, and he threatens that evil will ensue. Jeannette is in charge of a pretty child—a girl, who is the offspring of George D'Aurillac, a proscribed rebel, and Henriette D'Esparville, a wealthy young lady, who has been ordered by her father to return to Paris. Meeting the father of her child, she warns him to fly the country to escape the death to which he has been condemned, and overcomes his unwillingness to leave her by showing him the child, towards which, of course, his heart inclines. That child he resolves shall remain in Jeannette's care. He gives her papers which will establish its identity and entitle it to a fortune when it has arrived at womanhood; and the secret compact being overheard by Louvard preparations pave way for his revenge. Finding Jeannette unprotected, he demands the child and the papers, and on her refusal stabs her. Her cries bring to the spot Papillon, an itinerant cobbler, to whom she entrusts the child and the valuable documents, exacting from him an oath that he will not make use of the papers until fifteen years have elapsed. Jeannette lives long enough to clear Papillon from the suspicion that falls upon him and to name her murderer; and Papillon, popping his little charge in the basket which hangs on his shoulders, goes on his way conscious of his increased responsibility, loudly crying: "Any old boots or shoes to mend?" Fifteen years are supposed to have elapsed when the curtain rises on the second act. Papillon is in his small room over his work. His charge is now a beautiful young woman, sought after by many, and particularly by De Marsy, an individual whose attentions are more forcible than polite or acceptable. In his endeavors to steal unwilling kisses from Geneviève—so is the "cobbler's daughter" now called—he is interrupted by the cobbler himself, and only escapes personal chastisement through the intervention of Louvard, who, as the curtain falls for the second time, proclaims the secret of which he is possessed, and vows that Geneviève, the heiress, shall be De Marsy's wife. In the third act Papillon has resolved to make known to Geneviève the story of her childhood. He thinks it just possible that when she knows she is not his daughter she may consent to become his wife. To his consternation, he learns that she loves the young doctor, Stephen Morin, to whom he has promised to assist. He sinks his own pretensions; he takes his lapstone and sets to work, and, unselfishly, he determines to do all in his power to promote the maiden's happiness. He seizes a glass, and, looking into it, amuses himself with reproaches of his own ugliness, and of his own stupid ambition. Now Papillon suddenly becomes the possessor of a fortune, a small speculation of his having brought him wealth to the amount of nearly half a million sterling. Still self-sacrifice rules him. He will continue to work, and the money shall go to Stephen to place him in a position worthy of her whom Geneviève will occupy. Stephen's heart, however, is turned in another direction; he is madly in love with an operadancer, and joy seems to be further off than ever from the cobbler and his "daughter." He unburdens himself of his troubles to Henriette, who visits him, and it will readily be guessed that her joy is great on learning that the child she has mourned as dead still lives. She cannot, however, acknowledge her as her daughter, for that would be to reveal the secret love and the secret marriage of her youth; and so, longing to clasp her daughter to her breast, she has to suppress her maternal feelings and to stifle the outburst of natural affection. In the last act Louvard presents himself to Henriette as her first husband, and insists that Geneviève's hand and fortune shall be at his disposal. The cobbler comes again to the rescue. If Louvard be indeed George D'Aurillac, his life is forfeit to the State for treason, and the man who kills him will be rewarded. The scoundrel is brought to his senses; he is compelled to write the confession of his own villainy; he is marched off to receive his deserts; and, as the curtain descends for the last time, we know that there is every prospect of the cobbler's dearest wish being fulfilled.

"LES VIEILLES COUCHES"

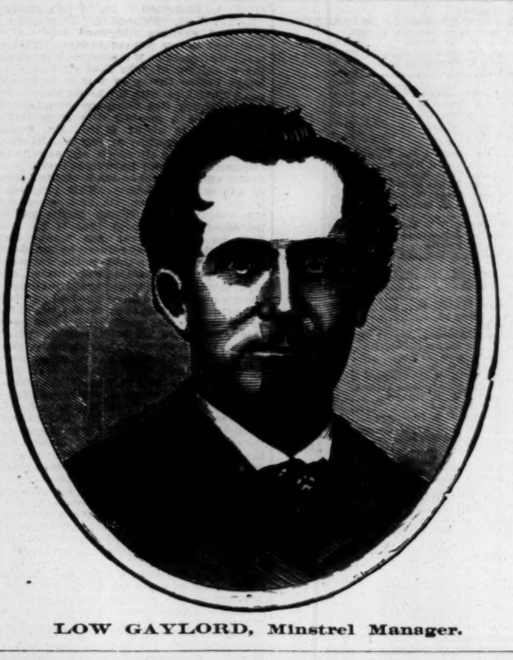
is the title of a three-act comedy by Edward Goudinet, recently produced at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris.

M. De Miradoux, the hero of the piece, is an ex-"man about town," a man of good birth, who looks forward with considerable alarm to the prospect of the Proletariat attaining ascendancy in France. His terror at such a possibility prompts him to take a singular method of avoiding any danger which the advent of les nouvelles couches to power might bring with it. He makes off to the country, and there, in the little village of Bobignac-le-Rase, constitutes himself the most bucolic of peasants. The profanum vulgus will, he says, be helpless to do him injury now that he has become as perfect a nobody as one of themselves. He marries a country girl, who in time leaves him a widower with a son and a daughter; whereupon he takes to wife another peasant-girl much younger than himself. But, although M. De Miradoux has thus buried himself in his farm, far away from the pernicious vanities of the Modern Babylon, he has not lost his old taste for the pleasures of Paris, and accordingly he comes every year for a month or two to sport his figure on the Boulevards, and lead a joyous life among his old gourmet companions and the latest mem-bers of the "half-world." Where Miradoux has settled down is a mystery to his fashionable friends. He speaks vaguely of his estate, but never gives a hint as to its whereabouts. During one of these annual visits to the capital he receives a visit from a notary's clerk named Boquet, who for many months has been endeavoring to discover a certain "M. Miradoux, paysan-millionaire," who had inherited a large fortune by the death of an old maid, to whom the said Miradoux had twenty years previously rendered some service while on his journey from Bobignac-le-Rase to Paris. Boquet naturally enough declines to recognize in the fashionable roue before him the humble villager who has been appointed legatee under the will. Miradoux, who tries to make him comprehend his ideas regarding the vieilles couches, but is at last forced, if he wishes to obtain the fortune, to tell Boquet he has only to take the train and come to Bobignac, where he will see him in his other character of paysan-cultivateur. Unluckily, the address which he gives the man of law falls also under the ken of the elderly dominoe and dice-box habitue, with whom he spends his nights in Paris, and when Boquet arrives at Miradoux's farm the laughing throng are at his heels. When they see Miradoux in his working-clothes, with on the one side a daughter overheard by Louvard preparations pave way for his revenge. Finding Jeannette unprotected, he demands the child and the papers, and on her refusal stabs her. Her cries bring to the spot Papillon, an itinerant cobbler, to whom she entrusts the child and the valuable documents, exacting from him an oath that he will not make use of the papers until fifteen years have elapsed. Jeannette lives long enough to clear Papillon from the suspicion that falls upon him and to name her murderer; and Papillon, popping his little charge in the basket which hangs on his shoulders, goes on his way conscious of his increased responsibility, loudly crying: "Any old boots or shoes to mend?" Fifteen years are supposed to have elapsed when the curtain rises on the second act. Papillon is in his small room over his work. His charge is now a beautiful young woman, sought after by many, and particularly by De Marsy, an individual whose attentions are more forcible than polite or acceptable. In his endeavors to steal unwilling kisses from Geneviève—so is the "cobbler's daughter" now called—he is interrupted by the cobbler himself, and only escapes personal chastisement through the intervention of Louvard, who, as the curtain falls for the second time, proclaims the secret of which he is possessed, and vows that Geneviève, the heiress, shall be De Marsy's wife. In the third act Papillon has resolved to make known to Geneviève the story of her childhood. He thinks it just possible that when she knows she is not his daughter she may consent to become his wife. To his consternation, he learns that she loves the young doctor, Stephen Morin, to whom he has promised to assist. He sinks his own pretensions; he takes his lapstone and sets to work, and, unselfishly, he determines to do all in his power to promote the maiden's happiness. He seizes a glass, and, looking into it, amuses himself with reproaches of his own ugliness, and of his own stupid ambition. Now Papillon suddenly becomes the possessor of a fortune, a small speculation of his having brought him wealth to the amount of nearly half a million sterling. Still self-sacrifice rules him. He will continue to work, and the money shall go to Stephen to place him in a position worthy of her whom Geneviève will occupy. Stephen's heart, however, is turned in another direction; he is madly in love with an opera-dancer, and joy seems to be further off than ever from the cobbler and his "daughter." He unburdens himself of his troubles to Henriette, who visits him, and it will readily be guessed that her joy is great on learning that the child she has mourned as dead still lives. She cannot, however, acknowledge her as her daughter, for that would be to reveal the secret love and the secret marriage of her youth; and so, longing to clasp her daughter to her breast, she has to suppress her maternal feelings and to stifle the outburst of natural affection. In the last act Louvard presents himself to Henriette as her first husband, and insists that Geneviève's hand and fortune shall be at his disposal. The cobbler comes again to the rescue. If Louvard be indeed George D'Aurillac, his life is forfeit to the State for treason, and the man who kills him will be rewarded. The scoundrel is brought to his senses; he is compelled to write the confession of his own villainy; he is marched off to receive his deserts; and, as the curtain descends for the last time, we know that there is every prospect of the cobbler's dearest wish being fulfilled.

"DOUBLEDAY'S WILL"

is the name given by F. C. Burnand to a new entertainment written for Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and first presented at St. George's Hall, London, March 25. The plot is thus described:

Doubleday, being an exceedingly eccentric personage, has divided his property between Mr. Jodleigh, a barrister of the Temple Chambers, Willie Doughton, R. N., Mr. Perdie, a solicitor, and Miss Vandeleur. Mr. Jodleigh inherits his share on the condition that he abstains from every kind of agricultural pursuit and rustic sport. He must not fish, he dares not fish, or he forfeits everything if he goes across country with the hounds; he must not turn to turnips, and he must keep away from cows; he is prohibited from pigs; and in short, unless he leads a strictly town life he loses the property. Then if a marriance Perdie must marry a nautical man, or her uncle, Mr. Perdie, forfeits his share; and Miss Vandeleur is ordered not to marry on pain of a similar penalty. But the unlucky thing is that Mr. Jodleigh is passionately fond of the country. To him a bath in a running stream, a long day's fishing, a run with the hounds, and the cultivation of pigs, parsnips and potatoes appear of all things the most delightful. He cannot tear himself away from these rustic pleasures, and yet he does not wish to lose the money. The result is that he takes a little model farm near Dartmouth, calls himself Mr. Barton, and keeps the secret even from his wife. Then a further complication arises in the fact that Florence is already engaged to the young sailor, and, most embarrassing of all, the supposed Miss Vandeleur, who had nursed the eccentric Doubleday in his last illness, has been married for years to a Dutchman, who soon after the marriage mysteriously disappeared. Here we have incidents enough for a lively imbroglio, and when the scene opens in the Temple Chambers; and we see Mr. Jodleigh preparing to run down to his model farm and pretending to his wife that he is engaged on the Northern Circuit, for are prepared for a considerable amount of fun the natural result. But Mr. Jodleigh is not to get off so easily. To him comes Willie Doughton, the young sailor, asking his advice as an old friend about a strange will—for will, in fact, although as yet he keeps it secret. When Mr Jodleigh thinks he has got rid of this visitor Mrs Jodleigh enters, and insists upon going with her husband to the Great Northern for York, his intention being to take the train to Dartmouth from Paddington. The bewildered husband is in a terrible fix, when Mr. Perdie, his niece, and Miss Vandeleur call and occupy the wife's attention. The barrister gets safely away, and then comes a terrible revelation. He has left on the table the letter he had written to the daughter of the farmer who manages for him—a girl thirteen years of age only; but there are allusions to a certain "lovely Susan" (no other than an Alderney cow), and these sentences fill Mrs. Jodleigh with profound indignation and awful jealousy. The fire is stimulated by Miss Vandeleur, and the end is that the ladies propose to go down to Dartmouth at once and confront the gay deceiver. But Miss Vandeleur has herself cause for anxiety, as Dawkins (Mr. Arthur Law), a detective from Scotland Yard, calls to inquire of the solicitor about a Dutchman, who, accused some years before of political offences, suddenly disappeared, and has lately turned up again, a subject for discussion under the extradition treaty. What if this Dutchman should be her Dutchman? The curtain falls upon the first tableau, leaving the audience in a state of amused perplexity as to how this tangled skein will be unraveled. In the second tableau we are shown a beautiful little nook by the side of a stream in Wycombe Wood, Devon, and here we are introduced to the veritable Dutchman, Dr Van Der Vetzler, who, flying from the police, had saved the daughter of Farmer Hartlebury from drowning, and has stopped at the farm ever since. But the arrival of Mr. Perdie and his inquiries after a Dutchman fill the fugitive with alarm, and while Mr. Jodleigh is bathing in the stream the Dutchman exchanges clothes with him and makes off. Meanwhile all parties are seeking one another with the idea of securing the money in case any are found breaking the conditions of the will. The young sailor and Florence are detected by Miss Vandeleur. Mr. Jodleigh is detected by his wife, and readily forgiven when he explains all; and Miss Vandeleur, in the moment of her triumph, is compelled to admit that the Dutchman, whose likeness to a twin brother had been the cause of his sorrows, is her husband. There is nothing for it but to effect a compromise, as none have fulfilled the conditions of the will, and thus happily all parties are satisfied.



LOW GAYLORD, Minstrel Manager.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. LXIII.

TED ALMONTE THE CLOWN.

P. T. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" opened at the Rink, Sixty-third street and Third avenue, this city, on the night of April 6. Among its many strong attractions was Edward Middleton Almonte, known best and longest by the title serving as a heading for this posthumous biography. The countless thousands of people who have seen him in the ring will scarcely fail to resurrect him in their fancy, if not for his almost endless mouth, round and bullet-like head, and queer antics, then certainly for his novel costumes, the oddest of all being an ample pair of what might be termed trousers, rivaling Joseph's coat in abundance of colors, and appended directly to the readiest intelligence of the juvenile spectators in being decked throughout with all the letters of the English alphabet. But underneath the gay colors and the jovial air skulked Death, with Pandora's keenest ills to back the grinning monster. Every vital part was affected—heart, lungs, liver, kidneys. Yet, true to his manager and the public, Almonte remained at his post almost to the last. He performed at the afternoon entertainment on the 9th inst.; but as he was making ready to go home he was seized with a pain in the region of the heart, and concluded that he would remain at the Rink so as to insure his appearance at the night performance. Early in the evening Frank Whittaker, whom the profession have come to regard as another Good Samaritan, found him lying in the dressing-room. As he was still in pain, Frank consulted his good dame, whose experience suggested that the stereotyped remedies would be of little use, and that the sick man had better be taken home and a doctor called. At this time, though able to walk, Almonte was complaining of a strange lump in his abdomen, and his efforts to speak were interrupted by a hacking cough. Escorting him to a car, Mr. Whittaker accompanied him to his residence, 121 Third avenue, and there left him in charge of his wife. The invalid passed that night and the following day without suffering greatly, being able to chat with the friends who called to cheer him. Towards evening on the 10th inst., a little fatigued, he fell into a sound sleep, from which he roused himself suddenly, only to die as suddenly, and without a struggle. Almost a matchless practical joker when in health, a verbal joker even when gradually dying, Ted Almonte's merry life was thus rounded with a sleep.

It was a brief life, and therefore a less eventful one than that of the average circus-performer. He was born in England about 1842, and about 1863 entered the arena as a member of the circus under Frederick Ginnett, one of two brothers well known in England as managers. With Ginnett he traveled but a short time, and then he enrolled himself under the banner of Benjamin Bonn, who had what was called the Russian Circus. He then joined the Sangers, whose establishment, like that of the Henglers, has been noted in England for a quarter of a century. During the three seasons Almonte was with it, it traveled in the Summer, and in the Winter located at Agricultural Hall, London, where was brought out the grand cavalcade of "The Congress of Monarchs," known here as "The Congress of All Nations," and which at Agricultural Hall attracted on several occasions as large an attendance as thirty-seven thousand people in one day. It was the season when, in 1870 Franconi transformed Cooke's Circus into an unprofitable enterprise after it had promised so much. It is a peculiarity of the English public that, when two or more circuses are announced to appear in the same town, they will wait for the one that is to come last. By billing so as to make it appear that they would succeed Howes & Cushing on the next day, the Sangers induced the people to keep away from their rivals' entertainment and wait for their own. But, instead of following up Howes & Cushing's, they let the people wait, and meanwhile took in nearly all the best towns in the North before the managers of the American circus began to ravage through the Britons' strategy. Subsequently the Sangers followed their rivals so closely that in Preston both shows performed on the same day, a memorable one in England's circus annals. This was virtually the end of Howes & Cushing's career in England. In the following Spring it returned to America. Egbert Howes' Great London Circus and Sangers' English Menagerie was the title of the show with which Almonte came to America, as an Italian trick-clown. He arrived here on April 3, 1871, and on the 13th of that month, at Mott Haven, now a fragment of this city, but then independent of it, he made his American debut. He remained with Howes for almost two seasons, and for a time was with L. B. Lent. On Dec. 14, 1872, the Imperial Brazilian Hippodrome and Great California Circus was produced in the buildings known as National Hall, 1224, 1226 and 1228 Market street, Philadelphia. Almonte was trick-clown with this show also, while Pete Conklin did the orthodox jesting. It promised to be a permanent institution in Philadelphia, but a lease of the building could not be got, and the season had to close on Jan. 4, 1873. Almonte returned to England, and for a season was with the Brothers Hengler. While there he was engaged for John H. Murray's Railroad Circus. Sailing from Liverpool on March 12, 1874, in company with Fredericks, the great globe-performer, with Miss Louisa Fredericks the equestrian, and with John Cottrell the trick-clown, he reappeared in America at Newark, N. J., on April 6. Leaving Murray's Circus after the season of 1874-5, he joined Springer's Cirqzoolodon, with which he remained but a few months, for on Sept. 23, 1875, he sailed fro n here for South America with Chiarini's Circus. It is supposed that the bones of many of Chiarini's people have laid their bones, he contracted malaria, as otherwise it is not easy to account for the array of diseases that carried him off. His first intimation of serious illness was when some of the members of the London Show, headed by Charles W. Fish, the rider, with Jno. H. Murray's horses, and with James M. Nixon as director, reorganized and opened at the Bowery Theatre, this city, early in January last. It was a cold night, and Almonte had no sooner struck the ring than he was chilled to the bone and had to leave it. The season just entered upon was the second of his association with Barnum's Show, which he had joined in 1876-7. He was a tumbler, as well as a clown, but not a rider. His funeral took place from 121 Third avenue on Sunday, April 14, under the direction of the Equestrian Benevolent Association, of which he was vice-president. The particulars of the obsequies will be found in our City Summary. Besides his wife, a non-professional, he leaves a girl of nine years of age, and a boy thirty months old. As soon as the sad news came to John Parkes, manager of the London Show, he sent words of sympathy and cheer to the widow, supplementing them with the tender of a benefit at Vilmore's Garden for herself and the destitute little ones. It now remains for the profession and the public to co-operate with Mr. Parkes and the London Show.

LOW GAYLORD THE MINSTREL.

Liberal in all his dealings, prompt to respond to the calls of charity, tolerant of the weaknesses or shortcomings of those in his employ, and yet, as a manager, ever ambitious to place before the public the best available talent in the profession, is the tribute an intimate friend pays Lowrenzo F. Gaylord, who died of consumption, and in poverty, at his residence, No. 175 Jefferson street, Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 7. According to a relative's statement, he was born in Westfield, Mass., on Jan. 19, 1836. A farmer himself, his father intended to place Low behind the plough; but the youngster had a soul beyond burrowing in damp earth, and above all, as was prominently manifested in the last years of his life, aimed to be his own master. Nothing could induce him to work for a salary after he had once become his own boss. At the early age of twelve years he turned his back upon his home and launched himself into the show business, singing ballads with John Green's Circus. With that concern he traveled for several years, and then he joined Spalding & Rogers' Circus, with which he remained but a few months, for on Sept. 23, 1875, he sailed fro n here for South America with Chiarini's Circus. It is supposed that the bones of many of Chiarini's people have laid their bones, he contracted malaria, as otherwise it is not easy to account for the array of diseases that carried him off. His first intimation of serious illness was when some of the members of the London Show, headed by Charles W. Fish, the rider, with Jno. H. Murray's horses, and with James M. Nixon as director, reorganized and opened at the Bowery Theatre, this city, early in January last. It was a cold night, and Almonte had no sooner struck the ring than he was chilled to the bone and had to leave it. The season just entered upon was the second of his association with Barnum's Show, which he had joined in 1876-7. He was a tumbler, as well as a clown, but not a rider. His funeral took place from 121 Third avenue on Sunday, April 14, under the direction of the Equestrian Benevolent Association, of which he was vice-president. The particulars of the obsequies will be found in our City Summary. Besides his wife, a non-professional, he leaves a girl of nine years of age, and a boy thirty months old. As soon as the sad news came to John Parkes, manager of the London Show, he sent words of sympathy and cheer to the widow, supplementing them with the tender of a benefit at Vilmore's Garden for herself and the destitute little ones. It now remains for the profession and the public to co-operate with Mr. Parkes and the London Show.

Military Hall and re-established Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, occupying the building until 1877. Since then he had been confined to his bed. Joe Gaylord, in whose arms he died, was attentive at his bedside. He was buried from St. Michael's R. C. Church on April 11, the interment being in the new Cathedral Cemetery, Philadelphia. The only professionals who attended the obsequies were Add Collins, Chris. Stone, Miss Sallie King, Mlle. Leonetta, and Mrs. Harry Enochs. Three orphan children are left in destitute circumstances, and with them their aged grandmother. Something should be done speedily for their relief; and we are requested to remind the profession, and more especially those of its companions to whom Fortune has been kinder than she proved to poor Low in his closing years, that any contribution, no matter how small, will be welcome. Those desiring to befriend his children can address Miss Laura Gaylord, 175 Jefferson street, Philadelphia. Perhaps there are many professionals who can practically remember the children in remembering that the father had paid the hall and board bills of companies that had come to grief while they were traveling with them, but in which he had no interest further than that which humanity renders obligatory. Perhaps these remembrances will form a glass, and South alike, who can substantially remember the children in remembering the many non-professional benefits the father and his troupe gave in journeying through the country. That he himself appreciated of the claims of orphans the following letter, chosen at random from among many, will show:

MR. LOW GAYLORD, MANAGER SKIFF & GAYLORD MINSTRELS.—*Sir:* In behalf of the committee of ladies of Whitesville, I have the honor to offer you and your troupe their most sincere thanks for your liberal assistance in aiding them in the education of the orphans of our beloved soldiers. The handsome donation awarded them by the benefit which you so kindly rendered us last Saturday evening will aid them considerably; and, sir, I can assure you your noble example will always be remembered and appreciated by them. I am, sir, yours most truly,

J. S. NEIDLINGER.

Savannah, Nov. 1, 1869.

All that Low Gaylord possessed at his death—the title and fame of his troupe, with its woodcuts—is disposed of in the following directions, virtually constituting his last will and testament:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 5, 1878.

This certifies that I have this day assigned and transferred to Joseph Teal, better known as Joseph Gaylord, all my right and title to the name of Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, also all woodcuts belonging to the above firm; the said Joseph Teal, or Gaylord, to act as my successor, and to look to the interests of my children.

(Signed) LOW GAYLORD.

Witnesses—MARY A. TEAL. LAURA GAYLORD, MARY GAYLORD, ELIZABETH GAYLORD.

MRS. JAMES HENRY CHUTE.

This lady died in Bristol, Eng., on March 27. By his second marriage, William Macready, a Drury-lane actor and afterwards a provincial manager, who died on April 11, 1829, was her father. She was thus the half-sister of the famous English tragedian, whose own mother died on Dec. 3, 1803. Miss Mazzarina Emily Macready was born at Swansea, Wales, on July 27, 1824, a month and three days after her half-brother William married her who was his first wife—the modest young actress whom he first met in a Glasgow theatre, and whom, true to a professional habit that followed him through life, he then rebuked for fancied inattention to stage-business. In her younger days, Miss Mazzarina Macready was a harp-player in the orchestra at Cooke's Royal Circus. Into an unprofitable enterprise after it had promised so much. It is a peculiarity of the English public that, when two or more circuses are announced to appear in the same town, they will wait for the one that is to come last. By billing so as to make it appear that they would succeed Howes & Cushing on the next day, the Sangers induced the people to keep away from their rivals' entertainment and wait for their own. But, instead of following up Howes & Cushing's, they let the people wait, and meanwhile took in nearly all the best towns in the North before the managers of the American circus began to ravage through the Britons' strategy. Subsequently the Sangers followed their rivals so closely that in Preston both shows performed on the same day, a memorable one in England's circus annals. This was virtually the end of Howes & Cushing's career in England. In the following Spring it returned to America. Egbert Howes' Great London Circus and Sangers' English Menagerie was the title of the show with which Almonte came to America, as an Italian trick-clown. He arrived here on April 3, 1871, and on the 13th of that month, at Mott Haven, now a fragment of this city, but then independent of it, he made his American debut. He remained with Howes for almost two seasons, and for a time was with L. B. Lent. On Dec. 14, 1872, the Imperial Brazilian Hippodrome and Great California Circus was produced in the buildings known as National Hall, 1224, 1226 and 1228 Market street, Philadelphia. Almonte was trick-clown with this show also, while Pete Conklin did the orthodox jesting. It promised to be a permanent institution in Philadelphia, but a lease of the building could not be got, and the season had to close on Jan. 4, 1873. Almonte returned to England, and for a season was with the Brothers Hengler. While there he was engaged for John H. Murray's Railroad Circus. Sailing from Liverpool on March 12, 1874, in company with Fredericks, the great globe-performer, with Miss Louisa Fredericks the equestrian, and with John Cottrell the trick-clown, he reappeared in America at Newark, N. J., on April 6. Leaving Murray's Circus after the season of 1874-5, he joined Springer's Cirqzoolodon, with which he remained but a few months, for on Sept. 23, 1875, he sailed fro n here for South America with Chiarini's Circus. It is supposed that the bones of many of Chiarini's people have laid their bones, he contracted malaria, as otherwise it is not easy to account for the array of diseases that carried him off. His first intimation of serious illness was when some of the members of the London Show, headed by Charles W. Fish, the rider, with Jno. H. Murray's horses, and with James M. Nixon as director, reorganized and opened at the Bowery Theatre, this city, early in January last. It was a cold night, and Almonte had no sooner struck the ring than he was chilled to the bone and had to leave it. The season just entered upon was the second of his association with Barnum's Show, which he had joined in 1876-7. He was a tumbler, as well as a clown, but not a rider. His funeral took place from 121 Third avenue on Sunday, April 14, under the direction of the Equestrian Benevolent Association, of which he was vice-president. The particulars of the obsequies will be found in our City Summary. Besides his wife, a non-professional, he leaves a girl of nine years of age, and a boy thirty months old. As soon as the sad news came to John Parkes, manager of the London Show, he sent words of sympathy and cheer to the widow, supplementing them with the tender of a benefit at Vilmore's Garden for herself and the destitute little ones. It now remains for the profession and the public to co-operate with Mr. Parkes and the London Show.

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THE MONTHLY CONTEST between members for the champion gold badge of the Brooklyn Gun Club took place at Dexter Park, L. I., April 9. Few persons were present, as the weather was bleak and unpleasant; it was not, however, unfavorable for shooting, and good scoring was done by those who pull triggers. Ten men contended for the badge, firing at ten birds apiece, handicap rise, 80 yards boundary, 1¼-oz. shot, 8 and 7 trap. Lofar Island rules. Result: C. Williams (23½ yards), 10; A. Eddy (27), 9; Wynn (23½), 9; Broadway (25), 8; Williard (21), 8; Atkins (23½), 7; Peterson (21), 6; Gillet (25), 5; Waite (21), 4; O'Brien (21), 4. A three-dollar sweep followed, eight shooting at five birds each, same conditions as above, except that the rise was 25 yards. Durfee, Atkins, Williams, Gillet, and Broadway killed 5 each, Waite the 4. Robinson and Wynn missed but one apiece, and Harris knocked over three. Referee, B. Munroe.

WALTZING FOR GLORY.—The rivalry between those graceful and long-enduring devotees of Terpsichore Prof. Cartier and Samuel Baron continues as sharp as ever. On Tuesday, April 9, the latter undertook to record Cartier's 13¾-hour feat at the Hub by doing thirty minutes more, at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Tammany Hall, this city, and is stated to have succeeded in the attempt. And now Cartier (or rather his backers, the 24 frequent partners of Baron) threatens to top this performance by keeping on the go for twenty hours, commencing at 8 A. M. April 16 and finishing at 12 A. M. 17. Wouldn't it be well for these leading artists to combine advertising with profit and loss by making a genuine match for stakes, both to take the floor at the same time, and the man who dances the longer to receive the stakes and door-money?

CALIFORNIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The Spring meeting of the California Rifle Association opened at San Francisco April 11. The weather was unfavorable, with a strong, gusty wind. The military team match, 200 yards, was contested by teams from the First, Second and Third Regiments, National Guard, and was won by the First, on a score of 472 out of a possible 500. The Kellogg Challenge Cup, 600 yards, was won by Private Shaughnessy of the Union Guard, by a score of 20 out of a possible 25. The Pacific Life Cup, 200 yards, was taken by Brigadier-general John McComb, by a score of 23 out of a possible 25.

RING TILTING.—An exhibition of riding and tilting at rings with lances was given by the Waltham (Mass.) Riding Club April 11. There were fifteen riders, attired in Mexican costumes, each of whom made a thrust at three rings three inches in diameter, in each of the three heats. Thomas Miles and D. E. Fabens tied on 4, and they tilted at three more, the former winning by a score of 1 to 0.

"FIELD, COVER AND TRAP SHOOTING," Capt. Bogardus' excellent practical work, is now before the public in an enlarged form. An appendix contains an account of the captain's visit to and exploits in England, his matches in California, papers on glass-ball shooting, including reports of his big matches in that line, rules for shooting at the same, and directions for using the trap, with an interesting chapter on dogs and dog-breaking by Miles Johnson.

BASEBALL.

THE LEAGUE GAMES.

It appears that the schedule of dates for League games this season, published in the reports of the Buffalo meeting, were incorrect, a mistake being made in the official table itself. In view of this fact we publish a corrected schedule, prepared by Mr. Cayler of Cincinnati, which gives the date and place of game of every League championship match of the season:

Name of Club.	At Cincinnati.	At Chicago.	At Indianapolis.	At Milwaukee.	At Providence.	At Boston.
Boston	May 7, 8, 11.	May 21, 23, 25.	June 4, 6, 8.	May 14, 16, 18.	July 9, 11, 13.	July 16, 18, 20.
Providence	July 2, 4, 6.	Sept. 10, 12, 14.	July 30, Aug. 1, 3.	June 18, 20, 22.	Aug. 20, 22, 24.	Sept. 3, 5, 7.
Milwaukee	May 30, June 1.	June 25, 27, 29.	May 2, 3, 4.	Aug. 6, 8, 10.	Sept. 12, 14.	Aug. 27, 29, 31.
Indianapolis	June 11, 13, 15.	Aug. 13, 15, 17.	May 7, 8, 9.	May 21, 23, 25.	May 28, 30, June 1.	May 1, 2, 4.
Chicago	May 28, 30, June 1.	June 11, 13, 15.	May 28, 30, June 1.	June 4, 6, 8.	June 25, 27, 29.	Aug. 6, 8, 10.
Cincinnati	May 2, 3, 4.	May 14, 16, 18.	June 18, 20, 22.	July 30, Aug. 1, 3.	July 23, 25, 27.	June 11, 13, 15.
At Cincinnati.	At Chicago.	At Indianapolis.	At Milwaukee.	At Providence.	At Boston.	Name of Club.
Boston	May 21, 23, 25.	June 4, 6, 8.	May 14, 16, 18.	July 9, 11, 13.	Aug. 27, 29, 31.	July 16, 18, 20.
Providence	Sept. 10, 12, 14.	June 25, 27, 29.	Aug. 6, 8, 10.	Sept. 12, 14.	Aug. 20, 22, 24.	Sept. 3, 5, 7.
Milwaukee	June 25, 27, 29.	May 2, 3, 4.	June 18, 20, 22.	Aug. 20, 22, 24.	July 2, 4, 6.	May 28, Sept. 27, 28.
Indianapolis	June 18, 20, 22.	July 30, Aug. 1, 3.	May 7, 8, 9.	Sept. 10, 12, 14.	July 9, 11, 13.	May 1, 4, 15.
Chicago	May 7, 8, 11.	July 23, 25, 27.	June 4, 6, 8.	June 11, 13, 15.	Aug. 13, 15, 17.	May 30, June 1.
Cincinnati	May 4, 11, 22.	July 30, Aug. 1, 3.	May 28, 30, June 1.	June 4, 6, 8.	June 18, 20, 22.	July 23, 25, 27.
At Chicago.	At Indianapolis.	At Milwaukee.	At Providence.	At Boston.	Name of Club.	
Boston	June 4, 6, 8.	May 14, 16, 18.	July 9, 11, 13.	Aug. 27, 29, 31.	July 16, 18, 20.	
Providence	June 25, 27, 29.	Aug. 6, 8, 10.	Sept. 12, 14.	Aug. 20, 22, 24.	July 2, 4, 6.	
Milwaukee	May 2, 3, 4.	June 18, 20, 22.	July 30, Aug. 1, 3.	May 28, Sept. 27, 28.	May 1, 4, 15.	
Indianapolis	July 30, Aug. 1, 3.	May 7, 8, 9.	Sept. 10, 12, 14.	Aug. 20, 22, 24.	July 2, 4, 6.	
Chicago	June 11, 13, 15.	July 23, 25, 27.	June 4, 6, 8.	June 18, 20, 22.	Aug. 13, 15, 17.	
Cincinnati	May 28, 30, June 1.	June 4, 6, 8.	May 28, 30, June 1.	July 23, 25, 27.	June 11, 13, 15.	

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The appended circular and notice have been received from the secretary of the International Association, the documents in question containing the official schedule of championship games for the season, and the official announcement of the names of umpires selected by the International clubs for 1878:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION, COLUMBUS, O., April 8, 1878.

TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP CLUBS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.—Please find below a copy of the schedule of championship games for the season of 1878, as made out and reported to me by the schedule committee, appointed by the president of the Association, under the provisions of Sec. 5 of Art. 13 of the constitution. (See page 40 of Rules.) Also, one of the blank forms required by said committee. Your immediate attention is asked to this matter, and your approval or disapproval is requested at the earliest possible date. Very respectfully,

J. A. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

SCHEDULE.

Games for the International championship of 1878 will be played as follows:

At Manchester—Lowell, June 6, July 4; Live Oak, June 20, Aug. 22; New Bedford, June 13, Aug.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received to week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, April 15.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Georgia
Arnold, Grace
Armond, Mrs. Arthur
Aubrey, Minnie
Adair, Ada (2)
Atherton, Nellie
Bretto, Emma
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Beerris, or Mrs. Chas. Gilday, Fannie
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Beaumont, Estelle (2)
Beaumont, Nellie Sr.
"Comedy" (16)
Carlton, Lizzie
Coleman, Alice
Cottou, Mrs. Nelie
Cassili, Mrs. Fannie
Chippendale, Miss Ally
De Lisle, Maude (2)
De Tort, Ida
Emerson, Minnie
Everleigh, Kate
Emmerson, Mrs. Dolly
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Estelle, Katie
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Freeman Sisters
Gardiner, Mrs. R. C.
Goss, Mrs. Jos. (3)
Gaddas, Ada
Howard, Nellie
Hastings, Kate (2) Sr.
Howard, Maude (danseuse)
Harrington, Mrs. Ella
Idaletta & Wallace (3)
Imogene, Miss
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W.
Jeal, Linda (3)
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kellogg, Alice
Kaye, Georgia
Linden, Lillie
Lewis, Ida (of Stutta's Co.)
Lingston, Ida (of Ellis' Opera Co.)
Lucille, Fannie (2)
Lester, Mrs. (of Strakosch Bro.)
Le Forrest, Mrs. Chas.
Little Lelia (vocal)
McClellan, Jennie
Mortimer, Mrs. Annie
McEntire, Lizzie
Mortimer, Edith
Meller, Maude
Mayer, Elia (2)
Marshall, Florence
Maxwell, Kate
Morton, Mrs. J. M.
Minfield, Rose (late of H. Watkin'sCo.)
Mitchell, Kate
McCaslin, Nellie
Montello, May
Mulvey, Lizzie
McKean, Gabriella
Miller, Mrs. Thos.
Mansfield, Alice
Montrose, Kate
Newton, Eliza
North, Miss S.
Oates, Mrs. Alice
Pendy, Mrs. John
Perner, Marie (with Grand Hibernicos)
Price, Mrs. Nellie
Price, Fannie B.
Pieria, Nully
Post, Mrs. C. M.
Ryan, Lillie E.
Sridge
Robeson, Erba
Ransom, Alice (2)
Richards, Nellie O.
Richmond, Lulu (of Richmon Sisters)
Reynolds, Vic
Sanford, Mrs. John
St. Clair, Jennie
St. Felix, Clemen.
Stetson, Louisa
Sanford, Nellie (with A. H. Sheldon)
Sanville, Matilda
Sweatnam, Mrs. Wm. P.
Smittsson, Georgiana
Stowe, Emma
Thomaso, Hilda
Thompson, Julia
Temple, Bessie (of Colville's Co.)
Wilde, Susie
Ward
Weber, Letha (vocalist)
Wyndham, Alice
Wildeberg, Hilda
Walsh, Nellie
Vivian, Sadie
VonHillern, Bertha
Wood, Fannie
Willis, Jessie
Young, Mrs. Maria
Yeamans, Jennie
Zoula, Millie
Zephy, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aiken, F. E.
Adams, J. B. (of Haverly's Mins.)
Alexander, W. B.
Allen, L. Van
Amburgh's Circus
Allyne, E. T. J.
Avery, Geo. F.
Alford, Amos D.
Atmer, Harry P.
Andre, E. A.
Armstrong, Jr., Jas. A.
Benedict, Lew
Brown, Bob (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Breen, Billy
Blossom, Nat
Boucicault, Dion
Bryant, F. (of Bryant & Carroll)
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Boyd, Charlie
Burton, John (late of Hoboken, N. J.)
Brown, W. E. (agt. of glass-blowers)
Boisset Family
Buch, I. T.
Bray, W. H.
Bergan, E. S.
Bemis, G. W.
Boles, T. J. (painter)
Brown, Gus
Byrne, John H. W.
Bernard, Tom
Blanchard, Harry
Barrett, L. P.
Barbour, G. A. (2)
Barlow, Chas.
Borst, W. H.
Boos, Prof. Louis F. (3)
Barry, Tom (clown)
Buckley, Joe
Bartley, C. W.
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Collins, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Collins, O. B. 10c.
Carner, J. H.
Cappell, David
Cellini, Tito (2)
Cotton, Billy
Cecil, Fred. A. A. Crawford, (of Crawford Bros.)
Cambridge & Co.
Charles, Jas. M. (2)
Cody, W. F.
Clary, Ned
Carter, Billy (banjo)
De Viro, D. (with Concert Co.)
Deyo, Geo. W. (2)
De Bonna, Frank
Dobson, C. E.
Dumont, Frank
Diamond, Chas. (2)
Davis, Chas.
Daile, W. O.
Darding & Stevens 5c.
Dockrell, Mr. (of Howe's Circus)
Doris, Hunkey
Davis, C. L.
Daugherty, J. (2)
Davis, Nathan
Devaree, J.
Dashington, J. D.
Eakins, A.
Everett, Geo. (2)
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Furman & Co., Geo.
Freeman, C. H. (with Haverly)
Forbes, C. (of Forbes & Haworth)
Fish, F. C.
Frohman, Chas. (of Stodart's Co.)
Fraser, Bruce
Frayne, I. F.
Florence, W. J. & Mrs.
Fitzpatrick, D. (of Wallack's Co.)
Fitzgerald & Co.
Foley, C. (of Stodart's Co.)
Fowler, Fred
Fawcett, Owen
Freise, A.
Fielding, John
Gaylord, A. E. (of Milton's Co.)
Gaston, Albert
Graves, Fred
Girard Bros.
Gilbert, J. M. 5c.
Grant, Tony F.
Gray, C. Arthur
Glassford, Jr., Andrew
Gillespie, Mike
Gaylord, Wm.
Gotthold, E. M.
Grover, Leonard
Hertzog, Danl.
Howard, Ed. (manager) (12)
Heywood Bros. (2)
Huppmin, Chas. P.
Hoffman, Dr. (balloonist)
Harrison, Eugene H.
Healy, J. E. (2)
Harris, T. (of Harris & Healy)
Hirkey, John (candy "biz")
Heck, L. (of Sells Bros. Circus)
Heylin, Tommy
Hawley, D. R.
Hancock, James
Henderson, Ike
Harrington, J. (of Cum. & Harrington)
Hardie, J. M. (of Strakosch & Co.)
Howard, D. P. (Dutch "biz")
Holloway, Jas. (p. Hall, Geo. W.
Hodges, D. B.
Hassel, Frank
Hawley, Frank
Hackett, John H.
Howorth, John
Harris, Thos.
Jerome, C. (of Jerome & Cameron
Jones, Arnold
Joell, Thos.
Jones, J. (Opera Bouffe "biz")
Jackits-Chy's Japs., Manager
Jefferson, Prof. T.
King, Ed.
Keating & Sands
Kendall, H. A.
Kelly, Ed. (song and dance)
Kebo, Chas.
Kirkwood, Jas. E.
Kaye, Billy (of The Kaysers)
Kirk, Robt. (of Kirk & Drew)
Kyi, J.
Kremer, A. (of Oates's Co.)
Lindley, Wm. M.
Lindley, Harry (2)
Lealand, Matt
Lawton & Manning
Leavitt, M. B.
Lotaiati, Ed.
Locke, Ed. A.
Leslie, Roy
Lotte, Fred
Little Jack
Lennon, John
Lyle, W. E.
Little, Chas.
Slater, E. B.
Lounsbury, Geo. W. (2)
Loomis, H. T.
Leake, W. H.
Lorella, J. C.
La Favre, Harry W.
Lovell, W. H.
Leopold, H. (of Mellville Leopold)
Leopold, Ed. (gymnast)
Little, R. G.
Leonzo & Ryan
Leon, Mr. (of Kelly & Leon)
Little, W. H. (violinist)
Trifthill, Jas.
Tyler, C. K.
Thompson, John ("On Hand") 6c.
Taylor, Clarence W.
Tierney & Cronin
Tuthill, Dan (Irish "biz")
Tyleure, C. W.
Vila, S. B.
Vernon, J. K.
Ward, W. H. (of Pup & Ben. Mins.)
Williams & Sully
White, Dan (Irish "biz")
Wood, Harry
Washburn, E. S.
Washburn, T. (of Washburn & Co.)
Wiggins, Sam (magician)
Woods, J. H. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Wen, Chas. L.
Wood & West
Waite, Jas. R. (manager)
Wilson, Geo. E.
Walton, W. J.
Wonces, A. F.
Woodson, Harry (2)
Warfield, Tommy
Whettony, Leon
Williams, Harry P.
Wilson, Jim
Worden, Mr. (of Worden & Mack)
Woolcott & Co., E. W.
Whitney, Harry F. (2)
Watson, H. (of Watson & Ellis)
Williams, Bob (of Bryant & Williams)
Wilson & Mackin

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Memphis (Tenn.) Post-office for Frank Mayo, Dan Rice, Sam Johnson of the Johnson Minstrels, Jas. A. Heywood, Manager Heywood Brothers' Combination; Mrs. Dan Rice, Warren S. Fox, Agent South Carolina Minstrels (6), and Wm. B. Cline of Indian Show Co.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, April 15, '78.

About this time look out for the circus, which always comes up smiling and chirpy and blooming just as April is merging into May, and the showers of the former give place to the precious sunshine of the latter. Already in this city we have two of the early birds—one the offspring of the evergreen Barnum, the other a fine specimen of London growth and culture; and two better concerns it would be difficult to find in either Europe or America. By the opening of May, those we have with us and those just putting the finishing touches to the band chariots and the gorgeous temples that form so conspicuous a feature of the grand street-pageant will have folded their tents about them and quietly stolen away for the season's campaign in those rural districts where the circus is welcome at least once or twice a year. The skirmishers are already on the outlying flanks of the enemy, each one priding himself in outlying all opposition, and "playing for theside," as our baseball confrere might say. The gayly caparisoned printer of immense banner-colored posters has done his work artistically and on time; and the worthy paste brigade, under the command of the jovial Bill Sticker, Esq., have their paste-buckets and brushes in complete order, ready for the word to move and cover up the inartistic work of all opposition one-horse shows. Many a good and pious country meeting-house has been marked out for gratuitous ornamentation with some of the posters destined to be on sale the day before the flood. Sometimes a board of trustees will object to such desecration, as they maliciously call it; but when the real old burghers of the church give in their pleasant experiences and recollections of the circus when *they* were boys in the long, long ago, the opposition of the ignorant ones melts away like gossamer before the breeze. Blacksmiths' shops also make desirable places upon which to exhibit the attractive work of the show-printer. Sometimes the engineer of a blacksmith shop may be a class-leader in good standing as well as a pillar of the church, and he may make a faint show of opposition to the use of his shop as an Academy of Design; but the promise of a little work makes him wheel-wright around, and give his sanction to the encouragement of art and science as exemplified in the pictorial illustrations of feats on the course and a passage-at-arms! There is a good deal of enthusiasm manifested by the various attaches of a circus and sideshow. The many doorkeepers engaged for the season now dawning upon us took a right lively interest in the recent debate in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., on the question of electing a new doorkeeper, and some of them expressed great indignation because not one of their number was mentioned in connection with the office. One of the most indignant said they'd Polk any one at the doors down there until it was discovered that he was unfit for the position, and then they'd enter a fresher Field. "What they want at Washington," said this doortender, "is a man that knows every deadhead, and can take his vermifuge straight! And that's where a circus-man fills the bill, and Shields the proprietor of the show against imposition and prodigality." The candy-butcher is another character of the circus; without him no circus is complete; with him planted in the concern there is no such word as fail. These gentlemen are purely vegetarians, and drink nothing but lemonade and soda. Coming down Broadway this morning we met one in front of the Sturtevant House, and we decided to go in and see whether the Brothers Leland had got a Moffett bell-punch (although that was not made one of the conditions of our taking a thimbleful), and ascertain how the new thing works. While our butcher friend was taking his'n straight, we asked him what was the best stand his show made last season. "The candy-stand!" was the modest reply. And talk about your book canvassers! Why, they can't begin with Martin & Son, circus canvas-ers! They are no more to be compared to the latter than is a penny dip of the olden-time show to be compared to Kidd's patent circus-light of the present day! or he to Hecuba, in a manner speaking. Once we asked Charley Fish whether he liked traveling best or a stationary show. "I like to keep going. I feel like a Fish out of water when I'm not on the road," was his response, and you'd believe he likes to be going if you see him on his bareback steed a-flying like the winged "courser of the desserts of Sarah," as "Our Jim" said of his boarding-house lady after he had got away with a comfortable dinner. It costs a heap of money to run a circus now, else why do so many go by the (spring) board these bad times, we should like to know? Think of Barnum paying one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for twenty foreign stallions! ("Our Jim" ignorantly calls 'em stall lions, when in reality they're horses.) Then look at the salaries! My! my! Why, it's easier for a rich man to enter Congress than it is for a showman to run a circus through the eye of Cleopatra's needle, if we may be permitted to use a rude figure of classical speech. And look at the clowns! They must be working as well as talking clowns, and they've got to keep the fun a-going, or no sale; they must jump and tumble, and leap and sing comic songs, and tell funny stories, and ride, and do a little of everything. Yes, the clown must make others laugh, though his own heart is breaking! Poor Ted Almonte clowned it at the afternoon performance at Barnum's Circus on Tuesday, and his sallies of wit and comical antics made merry the entire assemblage, and yet he was dying then! The next day he was a corpse! Jimmy, while you are eating your lunch, get out the phonograph, put a sheet of tinfoil in the circus groove, and wind her up.

AT THE SHOW.
Oh, lend me half a dollar to-night—
Let it be new, all shiny and bright!—
I want to look at that glorious sight,
That's only seen at the circus!
And lend me a quarter to spend in the show,
At the butcher's store, where the rustics go,
Where rivers of red lemonade still flow,
At the candy-stand in the circus!
And if another new quarter you've got,
Oh, lend it to me (take my note on the spot);
I'd spend my last tenpence, and see all on the lot,
At the sideshow next to the circus!

.....In looking over THE CLIPPER "ADS," "Our Jim's" attention was at once fastened on Geo. Boniface's card, wherein important information was given in this clear and unmistakable manner: "The Soldier's Trust!" "Well," said the boy, after reading it over and over, to be sure that there was no mistake, "that's more than the stingy old pie-bakers do!" And then he returned to his mutton.....We desire to inform you, "On the Sly," that Chas. L. Davis was not in the hands of a bad barber when he got "A Devil of a Scrape!" [These are the titles of his new plays, and are by no means of a barbarous nature, as you will discover after seeing them. Ignorant people, without this explanation, might put a wrong construction upon them.—ED.].....And while we are righting things we must enter our protest against the course pursued by the manager of Niblo's Garden, who, in advertising "Leah" for representation at his theatre, goes out of his way to incite bad feelings against the brotherhood in this city by declaring that "The Jewish Maiden's Wrong!" How does he know that? And if she *is* wrong, why should he insult a people with whom we are on terms of peace by upbraiding one of their number in such a way? We object to the introduction of religion upon the stage. Let him look to it.....William Horace and Alice Dunning have, by their pleasing performances, relieved the tedium of their stull and weary vocations, and brought sunshine into many a household. We are happy to say to our friends: "Many days you have Lingard upon the drama's floor ere hard times shall come again no more." [The portion quoted is poetry, and a very tender little bit it is, too.—ED.].....And talking about religious subjects, and horses, and candy-butchers, and circuses, and things like that, can you, with all your book-learning, and algebra, and grammar, and Webster's unabridged,

OUR CHICAGO, ILL., letter, dated April 13, is as under:

Considerable discussion among the members of the press and excitement and interest among the theatre-going public have been aroused by the simultaneous production of "The Two Orphans" at McVicker's and Hooley's Theatres on April 8. As a matter of record we present the two casts:

At McVicker's Theatre L. R. Shewell's version:

M. Schelm	Chas. Walcot
M. Max De Lussac	F. Learock
Count Vladimir Lanine	Harry Lee
Colonel Palkine	R. B. Graham
Carcassin	R. Reed
Nicholas Popoff	H. Pearson
The Grand Duke Prince	Pierre	T. D. Clifton
Dudoff	J. B. Everham
Torrol	W. Richardson
Ferguson, Major	T. B. Baker
Mlle. Nadege Lanine	Miss Laura Don
Countess Tatiana Lanine	Miss Geraldine Maye

At Hooley's Theatre, George Fawcett Rowe's version:

The Czar Nicholas	E. Elberta
Gen. Lanlere	G. B. Waldron
Count Vladimir Lanlere	C. Webster
	C. Rockwell
Schelm	Milnes Levick
Palkine	Chas. Leclercq
Victor Volage	Miss E. Hug
Muller of Milnet	Fred Wardle
Orloff	R. J. Dunston

The version produced at McVicker's is that purchased from Tomkins & Hill of the Boston Theatre, and is in five acts and eight handsome and effective tableaux. McVicker had five scenic artists at work the week previous, and presents in this play some of the handsomest scenes and most effective in mechanism ever seen on the stage. This version is a consistent and artistically wrought-out dramatization of a story very complicated in its details, and which Chas. Walcot, specially engaged to play Schelm, acts it with courtly grace and dramatic vigor, and develops the character to the terrible finale with great finesse. The wreck of the company is indeed under the disadvantage of hurried rehearsals, and of three weeks' hard traveling through the country. Still, no exceptions could be taken to the general smoothness and consistency characteristic of the first performance, aside from Schelm, are Vladimir, Palkine, Carcassin, Mlle. Nadege, and the Countess Tatiana. These were assumed very satisfactorily by Harry Lee, R. B. Graham, and Roland Reed, and the Misses Laura Don and Geraldine Maye respectively. McVicker's has done the largest business of any theatre in town the past week, and, considering the Lenten season, it was good. "The Exiles" will continue on the boards two or three weeks longer.

At Hooley's, in Rowe's version, we have a less skilful and artistic piece of play-writing, but perhaps a more pleasing story. Hooley has not the size of stage suitable for the realistic scenic effects of this play; but, on the contrary, he has a company—in that of the Brothers Wardle—that is well drilled in their parts, and Mr. Rowe has not made as much of a character of Schelm, or made as artistic a finish to his play, he has made some of the other characters stronger and better. Charles Rockwell acts Valdemar with manly grace and vigor. Miss Levick presents an effective portrait of Schelm. Charles Leclercq gives an excellent assumption of Palkine. Fred Wardle plays Muller with great fire and intensity. R. J. Ringgold as Volage imparts to the character a delightful flavor of French vivacity. Miss Ada Gilman as Wagg invests a rather incongruous character with much originality and liveliness, and was welcomed as an old favorite with applause. Miss Jeffreys Lewis as the Countess Lanine portrayed the varied emotions of the beautiful Tatiana with much power. Digs was well done by Emily Rigl. The little required of the Misses Adelaide Cherie and Nellie Pell was quite effectively personated. Only a fair business has been done. The Exiles" will be given another week, the last Madame Modjeska will be with us for two weeks.

At Haverly's Adelphi only a light attendance has prevailed during the second week of "A Trip to the Moon." Next week "The Deluge" will be presented, several additions being made to the company. John Ellsdell is stopping in town, having left the "Clio" party in Cleveland.

E. A. SOTHERN opened at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., April 8, in "The Crushed Tragedian" to a big house. The same bill was presented 8, 9, 10, 11, "David Garrick" and "A Regular Fix" 12, "Lord Dundreary" 13. The stock company return 15, and produce "Aladdin" for one week. They report business on the road bad.....At the Academy of Music the Eliza Weatherby's F. Broujean company 15, 16, 17, produce their new burlesque of "Hobbies." W. H. Whitenect is now business-manager.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON as Rip Van Winkle is rather increasing than relaxing his hold on the public attention, as was well attested by the crowded houses at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week's second and last week. "After Dark" will be produced April 15, with J. E. McDonough as Old Tom, and including Mrs. Charles Walcot in the cast, this being her first appearance since her recent accident. Sothern will commence a farewell engagement 22, followed by Tony Pastor's Troupe 29, and Maggie Mitchell May 6.

THE MISSES FLORENCE AND FANCHON CAMPBELL—the daughters of the late J. K. Campbell, Ethiopian comedian—are very promising and talented child-actresses, having lately had the monopoly of these parts at all the prominent theatres in Philadelphia. They are the only support of their mother, who was left in destitute circumstances at the death of her husband.

AT THE NEW PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM the revival of "The Two Orphans" proved successful during its second week, so that the production of any novelties is for the present deferred. The performances April 8 and 9 were for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire in that city, when "Michael Erle," with J. M. Clarke in the title-role, was given in addition to "The Two Orphans." Wm. Davidge Jr., the manager of this establishment, has his annual benefit on the afternoon and evening of April 22.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the fresh features presented last week included the song-and-dance of Conway and Farrell; trio, trapeze act of the Quinette Children; feats of strength by Young Hercules; sparring and wrestling by Miles. Lucienne and Marcie; and the concluding five-act drama, entitled "Gretchen, the Shepherdess of Jura," introducing Imogene in the title-role, in which she was seen to advantage. Imogene, Miles. Lucienne Conway and Marcie, and the Quinette Children closed 13. Rogers and Ryan, Hulmes and Leo, Miss Ellis, and E. T. Goodrich in the sensational drama "Grizzly Adams" are the new faces 15.

ALL THE PAPERS filed in the Prothonotary's Office, Philadelphia, in the Saville vs. Saville divorce suit, have mysteriously disappeared. Geo. Northrop, counsel for May Saville, has asked the right to file copies, and this has been granted.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., can be rented for June, July and August through J. H. McVicker, proprietor.

JAMES L. CARHART, first old man, is at liberty, and can be addressed care of this office.

ROBINSON'S OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., can be rented through Davis & Co., agents; and managers desiring to engage good people at reasonable salaries are referred to their advertisement.

"PAULINE, or the Lone Chateau," was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, April 8, but was withdrawn after a couple of representations, and "The Duke's Motto" substituted for the remainder of the week. The spectacular historical drama "Louis XI" will be the succeeding attraction.

THE HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION have been so successful in Michigan that their manager has decided to double their route in that State, and they will appear in Marshall 15, Jackson 16, 17, Lansing 18, Flint 19, East Saginaw 20, 21, Bay City 23, 24, Detroit 25, 26, 27, Toledo, O., 29, 30, May 1.

MARIE ANDERSON made her debut in Detroit, Mich., in "Ingomar" April 11 at the Opera-house, followed on 12 by "Evadne;" 13, matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" evening, "Hunchback." Good-sized audiences greeted her....Slavin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe, reinforced by Garry Hough as Gumption Cute, and with Dr. Palmer & Co.'s new scenery, begin 15 for one week.

J. C. WILLIAMSON and Maggie Moore, supported by their own company, acted in "Struck Oil" at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week to excellent business. "The Chinese Question" was added Friday. "A Celebrated Case," one week, commencing 15, by J. W. Collier's company. John T. Raymond, supported by the stock of the Leland Opera-house, is playing along the line of the N. Y. C. R. R., under the guidance of J. W. Albaugh. Business is reported large.

JOHN A. STEVENS and a company are to open in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre April 22, to be followed by Fanny Davenport 29, Count Joannes May 1.

JOSEPH MURPHY and company did not appear at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., as billed at the matinee April 13, but did appear at night in "Larry," before a moderate-sized audience, and the play gave good satisfaction.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., "Not Guilty" is billed April 15 for benefit of the orchestra. Fanny Davenport begins 20.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY and company are billed in Toledo, O., April 19 and 20, Detroit, Mich., 22, 23, 24, Hamilton, Ont., 25, Toronto 26, 27.

"BUFFALO BILL" and Combination are the attractions this week at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I.

HARRY BUCKLEY, leading man of the Agnes Wallace Combination, who has been very ill, has recovered and rejoined that company.

PROFESSIONALS desiring dates after Sept. 1, also those wishing stock engagements to travel with Albert W. Aiken's Dramatic Company, can address as per card.

MILTON NOBLES writes to THE CLIPPER that he has amicably arranged to postpone his engagement, which was to have commenced April 22 in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., until November next, thereby enabling Mrs. John Drew to present "A Celebrated Case," which she otherwise would be unable to do. Mr. Nobles' route is Taunton, Mass., April 15, Newport, R. I., 16, Woonsocket 17, New Bedford, Mass., 18, Providence, R. I., 19, 20, Worcester, Mass., 22.

MESSRS. CARLISLE & IRESON, dramatic agents, this city, insert their card in our business department.

A SHORT SEASON of the legitimate drama was inaugurated at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, April 8, Lawrence Barrett, supported by Manager T. W. Davey's company, then appearing in "Richelieu," in which he gave another instance of the rapidity with which he is advancing in his profession, his rendition of the wily cardinal being most satisfactory. During the rest of the week he appeared in "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," "The Marble Heart" and "Richard III." During the second and last week of his engagement he will produce "A Counterfeit Presentment."

JOHN T. FORD, the well-known theatrical manager of Baltimore, will assume the management next season of J. S. Clarke's Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia. J. Fred. Zimmerman is to have charge of the business of the theatre, while Chas. K. Burns will act as treasurer. The next regular dramatic season will open with Edwin Booth.

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THOMAS BAUGH, cornet soloist, is engaged with Tony Pastor's troupe during their traveling tour. This is his third season with the company. He can be addressed care of this office.

HESS' ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commence a week's engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., April 15.....The Hutchinson family will concertize 15 at one of the halls.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE are to sing in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house April 22, 23, 24.

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES, under date of April 14, are as appended:

A two weeks' season of Italian opera, under the direction of Max Strakosch, was inaugurated in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, with "Aida," April 8, which was repeated 11. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Signor Frapolli, G. Verdi, George A. Conly and G. Gottschalk sustaining the different roles, the chorus and orchestra being directed by S. Behrens, the ballet by Signor Novissimo, the gymnastic team by Signorina Vanoni and Mlle. Lanier. Miss Maria Roze made her Boston debut 9, as Leonora in "Favorita," supported by Tom Karl, Verdi, Conly, Barberesi and Miss Lancaster, 10, and matinee 12 "Mignon" with Signorina Vanoni, Tom Karl, Verdi, Barberesi, Miss Lancaster, 12, "Il Trovatore," Charles R. Adams being specially engaged for Manrico, Roze as Leonora, and Madame F. Guidotti, her first appearance, as Azucena. A very large business has been done the entire week, the two "Mignon" performances drawing overflowing houses. The second and last week will open 15 with "Faust."....J. A. Hills and pupils, assisted by Dr. Arthur T. Hills and Mrs. Anna Bulkley Hills of New York, gave a matinee in Union Hall 10.....The Ingleside Quartet, composed of Miss Isabella Stone, Miss Clara Poole, A. A. Wheelock and H. R. White, Prof. Moses T. Brown, the pianist, and Miss Grace Hosmer, pianist, gave a concert at Boffin's Bower 10 for the benefit of that institution.....John Orth, Wulf Fries, Miss Fanny Kellogg and Miss Florence Paxton, a pupil of Mr. Orth, gave a concert in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, South Boston, 10.....The 625th concert of the New England Conservatory of Music was given in Bumstead Hall afternoon of 12.....A classical recital also took place at the same hall afternoon 13. J. A. Hills presiding at the piano, Mrs. George H. Oakes being the vocalist.....The quarterly matinee concert by Mr. Julius Eichberg's pupils took place in Tremont Temple afternoon 13.....The last Sunday concert of the season by the Germania Orchestra will be given 14 at Turn Hall, Miss Ella F. Johnson and M. Wallack being the soloists.....H. T. Reed gives his third time concert at the Mechanics' 17, which is to be repeated at Gray's Hall, South Boston, 19.....The Liberal League gives its fifth reception at Paine Hall 19, at which will appear the Amphion Quartet, Maud Knight, and Willie Mansfield.....Carl Zerrahn gives his fifteenth organ recital in the Boston Conservatory rooms afternoon 19.....The Handel and Haslyn Society give a rendering of "The Creation" in Music Hall 21, Miss Emma C. Thursby, W. H. Fessenden, Myron W. Whitney being soloists, B. J. Lang, organist, and Carl Zerrahn, conductor.....The Centennial Jubilee Singers give a concert at the Tabernacle 22, for the benefit of Storer College, Harper's Ferry.....W. H. Sherwood gives his second concert at Union Hall afternoon of 24. His pupils, Mary A. Todd, Sadie R. Symonds, and several well-known vocalists will take part.....Miss Clara Doria, the teacher and singer, and Henry M. Rogers are to be united in marriage 24.....Miss Emma C. Thursby, previous to leaving for Europe, will receive a benefit concert at Music Hall May 15.....The Orpheus Club, organized more than twenty years ago, has disbanded, owing to dull times.....Mr. Lothian and the Boston Theatre orchestra go to Saratoga again this Summer.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., closing April 13 were Bond and Wilson and May Winans, to Chicago, Ill. Opening 15 are Williams and Sully, Nellie Germon, Florence Millroze and Alfie Howard.

THE LEE BROTHERS—Bob and Tony—are strongly recommended by Manager Bidwell as capable performers in their line of songs, dances and sketches. They can be addressed as per card.

A DOUBLE BASS AND TUBA PLAYER is wanted for Healy's Hibernian Minstrels and Irish Brigade Band, now on a successful tour of the Provinces, Nova Scotia and Canada. Manager Healy would like to hear from Dan Morris, Annie Irish and Sadie McGill. See advertisement.

CHACE & DAVIS, versatile artists, announce the closing of a successful engagement at the Theatre Comique, this city. Managers and others are referred to their card.

FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS and stars can negotiate for dates at the Broadway Theatre, this city, by addressing Wm. Lilliendahl, as per card.

JULE KEEN, Miss Sallie Adams, and the Rays—Billy and Maggie—were the new arrivals at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., April 8, where business has been excellent for the past two weeks. Jule Keen and Sallie Adams appeared in "Chris" and in musical specialties. The Rays, in their specialties, took well. B. C. Hart of Cincinnati has rented the Metropolitan for the Summer season.....Mme. Felicia's Female Minstrels, an organization picked up in Cincinnati, appeared at Public Library Hall for five nights, commencing 9, but failed to draw good houses. The company is not so good as most similar organizations, the female portion being noticeably weak. The party will probably return to Cincinnati from here. Advices of April 12.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., the new people April 8 were Nellie Howard, who appeared to "big to advantage;" Etzeltine Sisters in clubswinging, Murray and Raynor in Irish songs-and-dances, and Jerry Cohan in the drama of "Molly Maguires." Business continues satisfactory. To open 15: Prof. Leonard's Egyptian Mystery, Illusions and Female Statuary, the Hamilton Sisters, Kitty Allyne and Emaline Ford.

JOHNNY WHITNEY AND EMMA CLIFFORD, versatile artists, can be engaged for a few weeks. See advertisement.

THE NEW FACES at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., April 8, were Miss Maud Nelson and Nellie Richards, vocalists. Departures 13: The Continental Four, to Chicago; Josie Austin and Andy De Breat, to Detroit; W. A. Brooks, Holmes Grover Jr. and May De Lome, to Toledo, O. The Shellman Sisters, Hall and De Bar and J. C. Murphy are announced to open 15. Business fair.

MLLE. FASHON'S SENSATIONAL, BURLESQUE and Folly Troupe, organized under the management of Manager J. D. Ward of Newark, N. J., is to commence a tour about April 22, and dates can now be arranged for by applying as per card. The company includes the Girard Brothers, Mons. Ventini, Harry Shay, Frank George, Frank Bidwell, Geo. Cooke, Mlle. Zulella, Beatrice Vernon, Gracie Low, Lillie Sargent, Maude Darlington, Kate Montrose, Spray Eldridge, Lillie Mortimore, Mlle. Baptiste, and Chas. Moore, leader of orchestra. Living art pictures are among the attractions.

COMBINATIONS are wanted to fill time during June, July and August at Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, Canada. See Hamilton's advertisement.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted by Welton & Lent, whose address find elsewhere, and they would like to hear from Matt Green and the Continental Big Four.

AT DUCLOS' FOLLY THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., a good attendance prevailed last week, wrote our correspondent on April 13, adding:

"Selim" was put on 9, and continued the attraction of the week. It is a good burlesque of Byron's "Bride of Abydos," and has been well localized by R. A. Saylor. In the title-role Pauline Markham appeared to advantage. As Zuleika Maud Branscombe pleased better than in former characters. Hugh Fay, Charles Theodore, Bertha and Ida Foy, and the Martinettis lent able assistance. Hugh Foy, the Foy Sisters, Turner and Geyer, the Martinettis, Charles H. Duncan, and Harry F. Kelly introduced their specialties. The sketch of "The French Dancing master" preceded the burlesque. Departures 8: Turner and Geyer, Indianapolis; C. H. Duncan, no date. April 15 Fannie Prestige and Viola Clifton make their first appearances (not having appeared the past week, as announced). Ed. Chrissie succeeds Harry F. Kelly as stage-manager. At the New Chicago a well-varied programme was presented by the Coliseum company to good business. Of the fresh appearances Clara Moore made a hit in her character change songs. M. and Cora Austin show improvement in their trapeze performances. The McDowell Sisters are pleasing in duo. G. A. Carroll, graceful clubs with his customary science. "Life in the South," a condensed two-act version of "The Octoroon," was well presented, with Martha Wren as Zoe and James Collins as Salem Scudder. Lessing 13: Flora Mayo, Cheyenne; G. A. Carroll, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Elsa Carnissa, Cincinnati; M. and Cora Austin, St. Louis; McDowell Sisters, Indianapolis; Jas. Collins and Martha Wren, New York. Opening 15: Grace Garland, Fannie Kent, Geo. K. Fortescue, and Alf Burnett and Helen Nash.....The latest report is that Clapp will rebuild the Academy of Music on the old site. No satisfactory arrangement has been effected as yet. The South Side..... Edith Mortimer and Katie King were left here by Marie D'Est's party on their way to California. It is said salary was due them and they had no money to pay expenses. The Folly re-opens 15, their theatre 14.

Mme. Dudios has been quite ill all of the week.....F. T. Lewis is making up a party to go to Daniels' Theatre, New Orleans, La., where he was formerly with Carrie Lewis, who made quite a hit while at the Folly Theatre here, are already engaged. They expect to start 15.....The Halsted-street Opera-house will be opened 15, with Frank Forrester, William Wilmer and Vere as manager. The company comprises John Gilbert, Bond and Wilson, James Dalton, Ella Arnold, May Winans, Lulu Harper, Pete Baker, Frank Mordaunt, Tom Peters and Lew Johnson. Prices will be: Dress circle, 50 cents; balance, 25 cents. No liquors sold, and no Sunday performances.

FIRST-CLASS PERFORMERS desiring engagements at the Folly Theatre, Chicago, are requested to address Minon Duclos, lessee, or Wm. O'Neil, business-manager.

THE WHITE HOUSE THEATRE, Cincinnati, O., will be opened April 20 by Wm. H. Robison, proprietor, with Frank Jones as business and stage manager. Variety artists and sensational dramatic stars are wanted.

TALENT is wanted to open at the Apollo Theatre, Evansville, Ind., May 6. Address Hugh Fay, as per advertisement.

THE GALLAGHER BROTHERS inform us that they gave satisfaction to Manager Shickling of Cincinnati, O., during their engagement, and remained with him, and the reason why they closed April 3 was because they then dissolved partnership.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Sandusky, O., the departures April 8 were Dan Cooley, to Pittsburg; Stella Bartram, Toledo; and Charles Orville, East Saginaw. Billed for 15: Lew Hallett, Hodson and Mendel, to Sandusky. Opening 15: Walde and Laclede.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., continues to do a good business. The following were the new appearances last week: Kelly and Colyer, Sharpley Bros., D'Alvé Sisters, Lynn Sisters, Master Davis, and J. J. Darling. The departures 13 were Kelly and Colyer, D'Alvé Sisters and Lynn Sisters, Master Hartford and Master Davis, New York; and Sharpley Bros., to Boston.....There was also a good attendance at the Washington Varieties. The new faces were Joe Burgess, Annie Murphy and Mike Morgan. The departures were Gibbons and Russell, to Philadelphia, and Tony Denovery, to Boston.

THE HENNESSYS—James and Frank—song-and-dance and clog artists, can be engaged for the coming season. See advertisement.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted to open at the Mohawk Theatre, Cincinnati, O., May 1. Address Emil Albertz, proprietor, Eldorado Theatre Comique.

SIBILO, pantomimist, opened at the Gymnastic Park, Montreal, Canada, last week.

PROF. M. O'REARDON left this city April 13 for New Orleans, La., where he will remain until June, and then go direct to Havre, France.

THE CENTRAL SUMMER GARDEN, Baltimore, Md., will be opened May 6, under the management of Add Kerman, with Charles Howard as business and stage manager. Artists engaged are requested to send a programme of their business one week before opening, and first-class performers are wanted for vacant dates.

AT THE NEW CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the burlesque of "The White Crook," localized by H. W. Dugan, was the noteworthy event of the week. It was well put on and fairly acted. The new appearances were Foley and Sheffer in "Uncle Ike's Jubilee," and Sellon and Burns in Irish songs-and-dances. Business fair. Jennie Bremond closed 13, for Brooklyn, N. Y. To open 15: Miles. Lucienne and Marcie and Prof. Lucien Marc.....The theatre at the Odeon has improved the past week. Prof. Gorourk's evolutions with the barrel and globes, and Mlle. Adelina's feats of magic, were the new acts. Departures 13: Fanny May and Master Bobby, to Washington; Billy and Nellie Hasson, to New York; William and Emma Fields, to Cleveland; and Julia Bennett, no date. Announced for 15: Charles Peltier, Ella Edna, Rena Stedman, Lou Edwards, Juliette Nault, and William A. Huntley.....At the Coliseum business is fair. The arrivals this week were Annie Elmore in Irish songs-and-dances, and Addie Madden, serio-comic. Departures 8: George and Nettie Wood, to Pittsburg. Kelly and Neary are underlined for 18. Letter dated April 13.

AL. LIPMAN appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., April 8, as Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-leave Man," giving a careful rendition of the character. The support by the stock company was fair. "Broken Chains" was given 11, 12, 13, Marie Whittingham and Master Thompson sang duets, and Baughman and Hume did some fine shooting, several of their feats being new. Business has averaged good. Closing 13 are Al. Lipman, who will visit relatives in the city for a few days; Baughman and Hume, to Newark, N. J.; and Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, to St. Louis. Coming 15: Sid. C. France, Carroll and Young, Nellie Seymour.....At Crone's City Garden a minstrel first-part disclosed Wylie Hamilton as Interlocutor, N. B. Shimer as tambo and Charles McCaslin as bones. In the olio Wylie Hamilton and Mr. Hussey gave a neat Teutonic sketch; Chas. McCaslin, negro comedian, told the same old stories, etc.; and the bill concluded with Andy Morris' "Magic Flute." Closing 13: The Hamilton Family, to Cleveland; Chas. McCaslin, to Chicago. Billed for 15: B. C. Hart, Turner and Geyer, Amelia Dean, Minnie Rainforth.....Miss Mollie Hamilton, the well-known and charming lady of the Metropolitan stock company, has contracted for the erection of a fine monument over the grave of her husband, whose remains lie in the Forest Hill Cemetery at Piqua, O. Correspondence dated April 12.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL COMIQUE, Philadelphia, crowded houses seem the rule during the week ending April 13; the novel attractions then being Hulmes and Leo, in a clever and daring aerial act (the first-named meeting with a severe tumble on the evening of 8, but fortunately escaping with but slight injuries); Dan Nash in Irish specialties, Miss Ada Allair in songs-and-dances, William Leslie in his trick and clog dancing, Lillie Logan and Weaver in acrobatic songs-and-dances, and the Burtons in their sketch satisfactorily filled up the programme. The present week is the last of a successful season. Crawford Brothers, Lizzie Mulvey, Gibbons and Russell, Vanfossen and Saville and Charles Tapper opening here 15, and W. F. Young, treasurer, receiving a complimentary benefit 17.

THE USUAL LARGE ATTENDANCE was the order of the day at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending April 13. The fresh features of attraction included Miss May Loder, in serio-comic songs; Miss Chas. and Carrie Winn, in their zouave drill; Charley Loder, in Dutch songs-and-dances; Conway and Kerrigan, in their well-known specialties; Frank Bush, in his Hebrew impersonations; and the Miranda Sisters, in a clever trapeze act. Scanlon and Cronin, the De Witt Brothers, and C. W. Barry in his drama "Echoes" will be the new people 15. Dominick Murray opens 22.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, received a liberal share of patronage during the past week, the lengthy programme then presented including as new features the respective specialties of Mark Hall, the Stewart Sisters, Nellie Edgerton, Jeanette Lewis, Casey and Mack and Billy Buckley. The new people 15 are Devlin and Tracy, Harry Hart, Mons. Florentine and the Rixford Brothers.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new faces April 8 were Charles A. Gardner, Robert E. Frayne, Dick Gorman, Nellie Montrose and Julian Kent, who appeared in the first three drops of "Hell," introducing his trained bear. Julian Kent and Charles A. Gardner closed 13. Jennie Engle, Mollie Gaylord, the Collins and the Carrolls are announced for 15. Manager Harry Enochs has a complimentary benefit 19.

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ESTEY'S BELLRINGERS, as reorganized, consist of the "Merry Austins," Charlie and Emma, Charles and Jennie Reese, George Meredith, J. M. Rodi, Jennie Harrell, Emma Austin, S. B. Miller, Barry Johnson, John H. Oakes, Bob Muzzy, S. Burt Oakes manager.

THOMAS BAUGH, cornet soloist, is engaged with Tony Pastor's troupe during their traveling tour. This is his third season with the company. He can be addressed care of this office.

HESS' ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commence a week's engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., April 15.....The Hutchinson family will concertize 15 at one of the halls.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE are to sing in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house April 22, 23, 24.

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES, under date of April 14, are as appended:

A two weeks' season of Italian opera, under the direction of Max Strakosch, was inaugurated in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, with "Aida," April 8, which was repeated 11. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Annie Louise C

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
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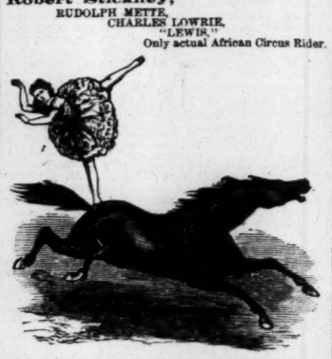

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